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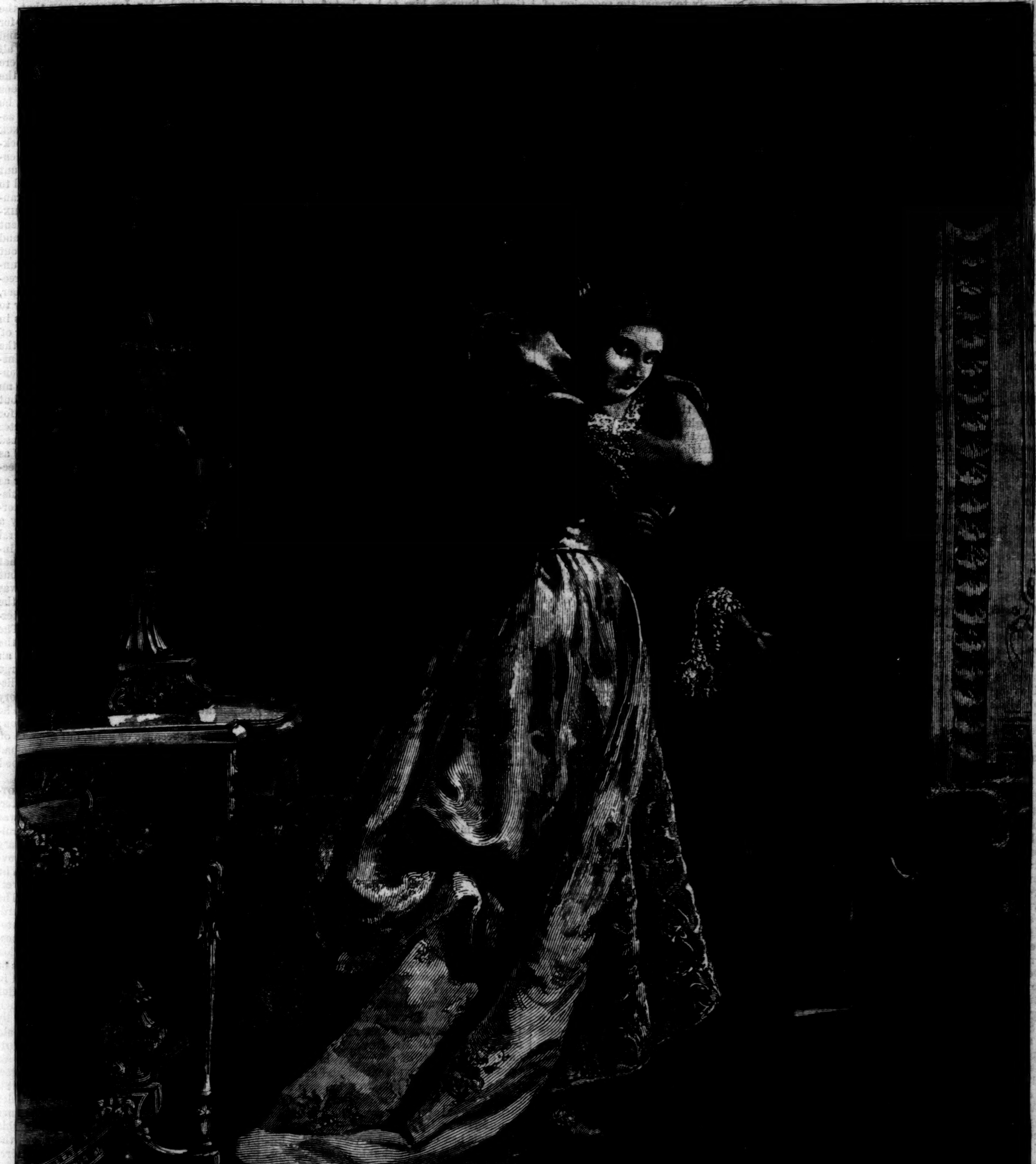

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HARPER'S WEEKLY.

SATURDAY, JANUARY 29, 1876.

NEW STORY BY GEORGE ELIOT.

☞ *A new Serial Story by this admired and popular author will begin in the February Number of* HARPER'S MAGAZINE, *under the title of*

"DANIEL DERONDA."

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Author of "Ginx's Baby," etc. This Story sets forth the evils of Intemperance in a very striking and dramatic manner.

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THE NORTH AND THE SOUTH.

NEITHER the jeers at the bloody shirt, nor the natural and just desire of reconciliation, nor the extravagancies and offenses of the colored voters in the Southern States, nor the bland and smooth oratory of Southern Democratic politicians, nor the crafty declarations of Northern Democratic politicians that the only danger of the country is the tendency to national centralization, nor the cry that by-gones should be by-gones, and that the Centennial year is the accepted time for national harmony, should cause any man to forget that the Democratic party is now what it has been for many years—the political organization of those who aimed to destroy the national Union and government for the basest and most revolting of purposes, and who still declare that their views, except as to the practicability of secession, remain unchanged. There are honorable men in the late Confederate States who sustained the war against the Union, and who are now honestly and earnestly anxious to do all their duty as citizens of the Union; but the great controlling public opinion of those States is necessarily unenlightened. Slavery was always, and most truly, denounced as a curse to the master class not less than a foul wrong to the victim. It necessarily prohibited intelligence. It discouraged schools. It cherished local prejudices, and fostered jealousy and hatred of strangers. Moreover, it was a system of organized outrage and violence. The pictures of life in those States, drawn by MR. OLMSTED in his vivid and invaluable series of works published just before the war, reveal a social condition which is not surprising under the circumstances, but which is not the less lamentable. The ignorance, the squalor, the shiftlessness, the semi-barbarism, were the inevitable result of slavery, and they were only more strongly emphasized by the wasteful profusion and the aristocratic but not modern and wholly un-American tone of the great slave-owners.

This last class, the planting interest, constituted what was known as the South, and it furnished the leaders and the policy of the Democratic party, giving its followers in the Northern States place and plunder in return for their unvarying servile pandering to the desires of the slave interest. Even Southern men and slave-holders sometimes scorned to vote for the infamous propositions which Northern Democrats supported without wincing. From 1820 to 1860, a period of forty years, our politics, under the guise of a contest between the Democratic and Whig and the Democratic and Republican parties, became gradually a conflict between the North and the South. The American idea of liberty, progress, equal rights, universal education, morality, and intelligence ruled the politics of the Northern States; the old principle of caste, social and industrial injustice, with consequent slavery, ignorance, intense provincialism, vast inequality of condition, political and moral stagnation, swayed those of the Southern States. The words North and South acquired a distinctive and perfectly intelligible significance. The South was a unit for the Democratic party—a unit because even the expression of other opinions was at last not allowed, and to profess Republicanism was to invite assault and murder. The Southern States were absolutely terrorized by the slave interest, and in half the Union an American who honestly held and maintained the doctrines of the Declaration of Independence was constantly exposed to insult, and was often in danger of his life.

In such views, under such influences and traditions, such fierce prejudices and passions, the present generation of active citizens in those States was carefully bred. They were trained to hate the Union as their oppressor, and to despise the Yankee, or the Northerner, as the meanest of mankind. They honestly believed that their States were "sovereign," that the Union was a partnership in which they were being worsted by partners as cowardly as they were knavish, and that those partners would not dare seriously to resist the secession of the South. In these views they were encouraged by their Northern lackeys. They believed, as FRANKLIN PIERCE told them, that the struggle, if there were any, would be in Northern streets. They supposed, when FERNANDO WOOD lamented that he could not send them arms with which to shoot down insolent Yankees, that he spoke for Northern Democratic official authorities. In Congress the South had trampled upon fundamental constitutional rights, upon the right of petition, upon the freedom of debate. A few Northern Representatives upon the floor of the House had maintained the plainest constitutional principles at the muzzle of Southern pistols. Democrats acquiesced, Whigs were cowed, and during that tremendous time two or three men only fully represented the unquailing and resistless might and purpose of the North, which the North itself did not then suspect. Chief among them were JOHN QUINCY ADAMS, CHARLES SUMNER, and JOSHUA GIDDINGS.

The conflict passed from Congress to the field. The South was brave, persistent, daring. It suffered in every vein. It bled at every pore. Families were desolated. Fortunes were ruined. During four years every energy and resource was strained to the utmost, and the South yielded only when it could fight no longer. It yielded, and turned from the battle-field to find its social and industrial system subverted, its industry paralyzed, its former slaves, whom to keep enslaved it had degraded and dehumanized, now become fellow-citizens and equal voters. The barbarism which it had fostered had terribly recoiled upon itself. This is not an ancient history. It is the familiar tale of yesterday and the day before. The North and the South of the fiery quarrel and of the war are the living, acting North and South of to-day. And the great question of the Centennial year is whether that North or that South shall control the government. We yield to none in our sympathy with every sincere desire and effort to heal the wounds of civil war. We hear with pleasure the eloquent tribute of Mr. LAMAR over the dead body of CHARLES SUMNER. We hail the generous words spoken at Bunker Hill, and the pretty chivalry of Southern soldiers in Boston. We can understand the South Carolinian who said to the Bostonian, "If we had known what you really were, we should not have wished to fight you." Every such friendly token of better understanding every honorable man gladly receives and reciprocates.

But the question remains. The South is again a unit for the Democratic party. The North is virtually Republican. It is vain to deplore "sectionalism." It is often unfortunate, but the sectional divisions of our politics are evident, and they can not be winked out of sight. The Democratic party, whoever may be its candidate, is the party of those whom we have described as the South. Is it probable that people bred under the conditions that we have mentioned, then beaten in war, and at its end encountering the situation which we all know, have essentially changed? Have we at the North essentially changed? If we had been beaten, and the South had decided to maintain the Union upon its own conditions, would it have been wise for it to intrust the government to us? For a generation the South had absolutely controlled the government, in the way and with the results that are historical. What has occurred that it should be recalled to power? Has it demonstrated its truer patriotism, its deeper regard for liberty and justice, its sounder views of the Union and the Constitution, its larger intelligence, than those of the North? We shall be asked if we would forever fight the same old battle—if we think that politics in this country can ever be safe if we insist that they shall be sectional. Certainly not. But is that a reason, in the situation that we describe, for recalling the South, or the Democratic party, to power? We insist that the truer patriotism, the higher intelligence, the sounder constitutional doctrine, shall govern the country. If these are divided sectionally, it is not we who divide them. And shall we, because they are so divided, prefer the lesser patriotism and the lower intelligence?

We do not apprehend that the Democratic party will attempt to restore slavery or to maintain the doctrine of secession. "There are few statesmen," says BURKE, in treating of a similar subject, "so clumsy and awkward in their business as to fall into the identical snare which has proved fatal to their predecessors." That is not at all the question. It is whether the principles and traditions in which this generation of the South has been trained, the tone of its civilization, its intelligence, and the events of the last fifteen years make it desirable to intrust the national government to a party which the South dominates. Mr. TILDEN is a Democrat highly favored as a Presidential candidate by many friends of "conciliation." Suppose him to be elected. There is no reasonable doubt that in the event of such a Democratic success there would be a presentation of what are called Southern claims. They would be of many kinds, such as payment of war losses, for confiscated real estate, cotton, and other property, and very many more. These are all claims for losses in consequence of the war. Mr. TILDEN was an active member of a society which published pamphlets during the war declaring it to be wrong and unconstitutional, and Mr. LINCOLN a tyrant and a usurper. Why should he object to paying American citizens for property illegally destroyed by predatory armies? Even under the most "conciliatory" of Democratic Presidents this would be merely a question of expediency, to be determined by political and party considerations. A party which, in defiance of its declarations against arbitrary removals of subordinate officers, seizes the first moment of its obtaining a little power to drive out every Union soldier and fill his place with a Confederate, would not find it difficult to satisfy Confederate "claims" of another kind. This might be conciliation for the South. But how would the North regard it?

We do not expect a man who has been beaten to say that he likes it. But if he can be "conciliated" only by having his own way after all, conciliation must evidently be postponed. We would have the North just, generous, forbearing. We would not excuse the enormity in South Carolina of the election to the bench of MOSES and WHIPPER, nor in Louisiana the proceedings of DURELL. We do not expect the North always to be wise or discreet; but we would, in the highest interests of the whole country, have the North, or the principle and purpose that prevailed in the war, still control the government. Those who so zealously sneer at the bloody shirt are very seriously mistaken if they suppose that it has no significance to the people who sustained the war. The outrages in the Southern States are undeniable, and it is equally undeniable that they can not be set off against the usual disorders in this part of the country. The Ku-Klux and the White League; the terrorism in remote quarters; the "mild intimidation" in Mississippi; the single voting precinct in Savannah, of which we spoke last week; the exclusion of negroes from the jury lists in Georgia, which Mr. NORDHOFF reports—these facts and such as these are illustrations of a feeling and policy which is certainly not surprising in view of the antecedents of those States which we have mentioned. But it is not the feeling nor the purpose to which the government of the United States should be confided.

GENERAL SCHENCK AND THE EMMA MINE.

WE have hitherto refrained from commenting upon the Emma Mine scandal, because the facts were so imperfectly known, and because, under the circumstances, misapprehension and misrepresentation were so easy. But as the original contract between General SCHENCK and T. W. PARK, the representative of the mine, has been made public, and Mr. REVERDY JOHNSON, one of the ablest of advocates, has volunteered a letter of explanation and exculpation, which General SCHENCK accepts with gratitude as a just vindication, the main facts are now accessible, and the conclusion is unfortunately irresistible that General SCHENCK has committed a very serious impropriety. It is remarkable that Mr. JOHNSON'S statements do not exactly agree with the authentic documents of the transaction, which was briefly as follows: On the 1st of November, 1871, General SCHENCK agreed to take five hundred shares of the Emma Mine, and borrowed ten thousand pounds of PARK to pay for it. He pledged the stock to him as security, and engaged, if PARK should require it, to mortgage to him certain property in the United States. Should the stock fall below par, General SCHENCK could repay PARK with it at par, while he could profit by any rise. At the same time PARK guaranteed SCHENCK a monthly dividend of one and a half per cent., from which condition he could release himself by offering par for the shares, an offer which SCHENCK could refuse. In fact, when by the weight of the minister's name as a director the stock rose above par, PARK offered to take SCHENCK'S shares at par, which he declined, and PARK was released from the guarantee. Mr. JOHNSON says that it was no guarantee at all, because PARK could withdraw it at any time. But he does not state that he could withdraw it at any time only by offering par for the stock.

Thus, without paying any money whatever, or contracting any pecuniary obligation—for he could at any moment require his shares to be taken back—General SCHENCK received a guarantee of one and a half per cent. dividend. Mr. JOHNSON says that the monthly dividend was paid regularly for thirteen months to General SCHENCK "and the other stockholders," as if they were all upon the same footing. But they were clearly not so, unless PARK had made the same guarantee upon the same conditions to every share-holder, which, of course, he must have done, to justify Mr. JOHNSON'S assertion that the position of General SCHENCK was no better than that of the other stockholders. Mr. JOHNSON also says that General SCHENCK was only to receive the amount guaranteed "if the dividends were equal to it." But this is inaccurate, as the guarantee was absolutely unconditional. Mr. JOHNSON further states that when the agreement was made between General SCHENCK and PARK nothing was said to the former about being a director, nor was any thing said until "several days" afterward. But the agreement was signed on the 1st of November, and on the 3d General SCHENCK, in reply to his inquiries, learned who his associates in the direction were to be. The character of the agreement with PARK, taken with the reports about him and the dates of the transactions, makes it almost a necessary conclusion, not that General SCHENCK was an intentional accomplice in any wrong, but that General SCHENCK was craftily used for wrong purposes. The minister was a director for one month, both countries being amazed at the fact. At the end of the month, as Mr. JOHNSON states, he thought on reflection that his name ought not to appear as a director, and he resigned. But the mischief was done. The object of the extraordinary contract and guarantee made by a man who was hitherto unknown to General SCHENCK had been attained. We do not insinuate, for we do not suppose, that that object was General SCHENCK'S purpose; but the result was the same. The stock was put upon the English market, with the American minister as sponsor. The enterprise presently became a scandal. The shares proved to be worthless, and the minister was vehemently denounced as an accomplice with swindlers. The charge was unquestionably false. But his indiscretion had been such that a satisfactory explanation was almost impossible. The time had surely come for his resignation; not, indeed, because of guilt, but because of an indiscretion by which honest people had been apparently defrauded and the good name of his country compromised.

General SCHENCK'S predecessor, Mr. MOTLEY, was a gentleman of spotless character, against whom no other official charge was ever made than that in a verbal communication with the English Foreign Secretary he had failed precisely to represent his government. He was mildly reproved. The negotiation upon the subject of his conversation was removed to Washington. The matter passed by. But a year afterward, without further charge, he was peremptorily summoned to resign. We do not question the expediency of asking his resignation if the Government felt that the interests or character of the country were imperiled in any degree by his retaining the office. But does not that character suffer very much more by the kind of indiscretion shown by General SCHENCK than those interests could have suffered by the continuance of Mr. MOTLEY after the *Alabama* negotiations had been transferred to Washington? We understand and we applaud the reluctance of an Administration to recall a minister under circumstances which seem to countenance injurious accusations, and when, as in this case, it believes him entirely innocent of the offense imputed to him. But the indiscretion which the minister himself does not deny, and which evidently Mr. JOHNSON perceives—an indiscretion which is not made less important by the letters in regard to the WIARD contract—is certainly grave enough to authorize a recall.

General SCHENCK'S conduct, like that of the Auditor, Mr. THAYER, in this State, illustrates that lax sense of official honor which

makes actual knavery and corruption easy, and which, therefore, no personal feeling for the officer can justify the press in excusing or disregarding. Mr. JOHNSON says, indeed, that General SCHENCK "is enabled to serve the United States as well as if the Emma Mine had never been thought of nor existed." But this opinion leads us to think that the veteran advocate's professional training has somewhat confused his moral perceptions. Whatever may be thought elsewhere, it is the demand of the better sentiment of the United States that if any of their diplomatic agents become consciously or ignorantly touters for questionable speculative enterprises, they must vacate their offices. No man can imagine Mr. BRISTOW, for instance, in General SCHENCK's position as minister to England, becoming a director in the management of a fancy stock to be put on the English market. And that settles the question—unless it is impossible to find a gentleman of the same character to serve as our representative in London.

A SCHOOL OF CRIME.

ONE of the first objects of intelligent philanthropists—for although the word has been sadly caricatured and abused, it is still most expressive—is to prevent hereditary pauperism and crime. It is ascertained that children are born paupers and grow up paupers, with no thought or purpose of following any industry whatever, and that this class is increasing rapidly. Obviously one effective method of dealing with this evil at its source is the removal of children from the society of those who are both idle and criminal, and teaching them to know that he who will not work must starve. There can be no fate more deplorable than that of a child in a county poor-house, or in the great suburban charitable institutions; and in accordance with the wisest and most humane conclusions upon the subject, a law was passed by the Legislature of New York last spring providing that all children of sound body and mind between the ages of three and sixteen years shall be removed from the county poor-houses, and that no such children shall hereafter be committed to them. The law, being general, of course included the Randall's Island Nursery in its provisions. Presumptively if such a law is desirable any where, it is peculiarly so where so many children are assembled as on Randall's Island. If a country poor-house be a nursery of idleness and vice, that of the city of New York can not be supposed to be a school of industry and virtue. But this is not a matter of inference. There is probably no institution of the kind in the State which has been more carefully observed for this very purpose of ascertaining the truth in regard to the influence upon children than the Randall's Island Nursery. During the last two years it has been systematically and regularly visited by a committee of the State Charities Aid Association—a committee not of careless or perfunctory or official observers, but of persons who are not only sincerely and disinterestedly enlisted in the work, but who know how to see and what to look at, who have attentively studied the subject, and are familiar with the facts of charity administration in all countries.

This committee are of opinion that it would be cruel to except the children on Randall's Island from the benefit of the law requiring their removal into families or private retreats. The committee, indeed, do not doubt that a radical change in the management of the Nursery is indispensable, for the children are practically in charge of prisoners and pauper women. It is said, indeed, that such women are in menial positions. But a matron having the care of a hundred and twenty-five boys between the ages of six and ten years is entitled to the services of one paid assistant and two prison women; for the care of eighty girls and boys from three to six years old, two paid assistants and four prison women. In the hospitals the ignorance and incapacity of the paid nurses are painfully evident, and in their absence the prison women—prisoners committed for various crimes, sots, harlots, and the most degraded of their sex—are left in sole charge. We quote from the note-books of the Randall's Island Visitors:

"Found the nurse and prison helpers all away, and a crippled dwarf the sole attendant."

"The children in one ward had been without any care for several hours, until a Roman Catholic priest notified the matron of the fact."

"November 26, 1875, found wards Nos. 4 and 5 of the Nursery Hospital in a deplorable state. Some of the children were ill in bed, and two very ignorant prison women had the care of them. The nurse had gone about a week before, and after several days her place was filled by a woman who remained only one night, leaving every thing in confusion."

"December 26, 1875, found the utmost confusion at the Idiot Pavilion from the intoxication of nurses and helpers. One poor boy was very ill, and looked as if he might breathe his last at any moment."

Under such auspices, it is not surprising that the institutions which are founded for the benefit of children become hot-beds for the propagation of disease. The Visitors report that there is no classification in the overcrowded wards, and that pneumonia, measles, scarlet fever, and ophthalmia rage side by side. One of the most fruitful sources of infection is the imperfect laundry-work. The hospital clothing is kept separate from that of other departments, but all infected garments are washed together, whatever the disease may have been, and are used in common for all hospital children. The pretense of washing only facilitates the spread of contamination through all the garments. The supply of towels is usually insufficient. There is great carelessness in keeping the sponges and cloths used for ophthalmic patients apart from those used by the other children; and even if conveniences were supplied, the nurses and helpers are too ignorant and careless to use them properly. Thus children brought in for the care of trifling and temporary ailments contract loathsome maladies which entail upon them life-long suffering, and unfit them for the homes in which they might have been received.

These, indeed, are special abuses which might not occur in every county house. But they are abuses of a bad system—a system so bad that abuse is inevitable. And it is these very children—those who are exposed not only to the general evil of bad association and influence, but to these particular and shameful neglects and miseries—that it is proposed to exempt from the provisions of the law of last April. And Mr. SCHIEFFELIN, of Westchester, has introduced a bill for that purpose. It is a question which should be decided wholly upon its merits. The reasons for the law are the reasons for the universal application of the law. The exemption has been urged in some quarters upon the ground that the Roman Catholic priests are opposed to it, and favored, if they did not instigate, the original bill for the removal of the children. The preferences upon the subject of any ecclesiastical body are, of course, no argument for either plan. But, in fact, not only was not the removal bill suggested or supported by the Roman Catholic clergy, but they would naturally and warmly, however secretly, oppose it. Their great object is to retain the children under their control. It is for that purpose that they would destroy the school system. And as the Randall's Island Nursery, like the other city institutions of the kind, is mainly under the ecclesiastical control of the Roman priesthood, it would strongly oppose the dispersion of the children. If an amendment to the law should be adopted providing for the removal of the children, not into private institutions, but into suitable families, the Roman Catholic opposition would be at once developed. And it is this result, which naturally follows any change in the existing system, which would lead the priesthood to desire to maintain it as it is. But at present the Randall's Island Nursery is merely breeding paupers and criminals.

DR. S. G. HOWE.

A SINGULARLY brave and romantic life ended with the recent death of Dr. S. G. HOWE. His fiery and intrepid spirit made his earlier career one of poetic heroism, and his later days were full of enthusiastic devotion to humane ends. As a youth he left college to join BYRON in Greece during the years when the cause of Greece appealed to all generous hearts, and HALLECK's "Marco Bozzaris" and the eloquence of WEBSTER and CLAY aroused America to sympathy. Young HOWE reached Greece only to find that its heroism was unavailing. But he threw himself ardently into the struggle, and after a hard and strange service of two years was captured and imprisoned. But he escaped, returned to the field, and was made surgeon-in-chief of the Greek fleet. In the darkest hour of the war, and when the Greeks were actually starving, he came home to pray his countrymen for succor. The response was general and most gratifying. He returned with supplies, and, amidst the blessings of the people of Greece, remained until sickness forced him away.

The Greek war ended, he returned to this country, and with the same enthusiasm that had borne him undaunted through extraordinary privations he entered upon the care and instruction of the blind at an asylum newly established in Boston. But crossing the sea again to study the treatment of the blind in Europe, he reached Paris during the Polish revolution, and the chivalric friend of oppressed nationalities was elected chairman of the Polish Relief Committee, and went in person to carry supplies to Polish troops who had entered Prussia. He was seized, and imprisoned by the Prussians for six weeks; then carried across the French frontier and released. He then returned to America, and his untiring assiduity in his humane duties was crowned with remarkable success. He caused the deaf and blind mute, LAURA BRIDGMAN, to share the delights of human intercourse, from which she seemed forever and hopelessly debarred. There is no more touching and beautiful fact in human history. Dr. HOWE's noble enthusiasm naturally made him an antislavery leader, and thirty years ago he was a Free-soil candidate for Congress. He was conspicuous and beloved in the famous group of Free-soil chiefs in Massachusetts, and his relations with them were most cordial to the end. In JOHN BROWN he recognized a spirit as ardent, as contemptuous of peril, and as wholly devoted to liberty as his own, and he was among the most constant friends of that remarkable man. In 1867 he returned to Greece with a heart that did not waver or grow old, and carried supplies for the struggling Cretans. In 1871 President GRANT appointed him, with Mr. WADE and Mr. WHITE, Commissioner to San Domingo. Dr. HOWE was enchanted with the tropical climate and luxuriant beauty of the island, and most warmly advocated its annexation to the United States.

He returned to San Domingo in the following year with his family, but for the last two or three years he has remained at home in failing health. Last summer he was seriously ill, and did not rally, lingering through the autumn, and dying at his home on the 9th of January, in his seventy-fifth year. No one who ever met him but felt the heroic ardor of his temperament, and honored his simple and sincere devotion to unselfish ends. Intent only upon the welfare of others, he found the fame he did not seek, and the young American can see in his career the worth and the reward of generous self-consecration to suffering and wronged humanity.

PERSONAL.

MISS CHARLOTTE CUSHMAN is said to be writing a book of personal reminiscences of the stage. She ought to give us something readable and reliable. It is just forty years since she first appeared before the foot-lights, and from that time to the present has seen every thing and known every body worth seeing and knowing. There are persons—venerable old folk—still living who remember the old Bowery boy's criticism on the comparative histrionic abilities of ELIZA LOGAN and Miss CUSHMAN. Said he: "E-LI-ZY LOGAN is a good deal on to the pretty, *she* is, but CHAR-LOT-TE CUSHMAN has got the intellect into her, *she* has!"

—CHOCK WONG has become a legal citizen of San Francisco. Has his papers. He keeps the Chinese newspaper published in that city.

—Lord JOHN RUSSELL is about to publish a pamphlet entitled, "Is the Mahommedan Empire worth Preserving?" When Prime Minister, Lord RUSSELL did as much as any man to keep Turkey going: otherwise it might have collapsed long ago.

—The Christmas number of the London *Graphic* cost $40,000 before a copy was printed. The first edition consisted of 250,000 copies. It has been computed that Miss THOMPSON's sketch, "Missed," went two million seven hundred thousand times under the press.

—Sir JOHN HARPUR CREWE, one of the largest land-owners in England, has instructed his agent to inquire into the damage arising from the recent floods, and to return a proportionate percentage of rents. One tenant received back $1000.

—Senator OGLESBY, of Illinois, desiring that it should not only be done properly, but with emphasis, had his infant son baptized a few days since in water which the Senator brought from the river Jordan twenty years ago.

—Sir JOSIAH MASON personally exemplifies the truth of Richelieu's saying, "The pen is mightier than the sword," for he is the most extensive maker in Birmingham, England, if not in the world. Moreover, he has built in that city a scientific college at a cost of $500,000, and endowed it with $150,000 more. Besides, he has sold his business for $500,000, and proposes to give that to the college. He had previously built in Birmingham an orphanage and alms-houses which cost $1,250,000.

—In HAYDON's correspondence, recently published in London, are many things personal, witty, and interesting. Among others, these of the late Duke of Wellington: "Since I had the pleasure of seeing you, the last day of the session, I have spent some days at Walmer with the Duke of Wellington, and I was highly delighted with him. Nobody need wonder at his military success who hears him talk or reads his dispatches. The sound practical reasons he occasionally gave to us for many of his proceedings in Spain showed his sagacity and his genius, and in my opinion—and I know your lordship will allow me to be a judge—I declare he tells a story better than any man I ever heard, not excepting Sir WALTER SCOTT. He gave the sittings for himself, imagined to be on the field of Waterloo with Copenhagen twenty years after the battle." Again, speaking of the Duke's common-sense and simplicity: "I should say that his Grace never placed himself in a theatrical position which might be paintable as a fact, but there may be many incidents which might make an interesting picture."

—The public who dine will read with interest the announcement that Mr. DELMONICO, yielding to the demands of the public palate as well as the public taste, has leased the DODWORTH premises at Fifth Avenue, Twenty-sixth Street, and Broadway, and will in May next proceed to re-arrange the same for the purposes of a restaurant as like as possible to the establishment at Fifth Avenue and Fourteenth Street, with such new appliances, etc., as have been achieved by culinary science and experience.

—Lord LYTTON has been appointed Viceroy of India in place of Lord NORTHBROOK (one of the BARING family), who retires on account of ill health. Lord LYTTON is one of the youngest men ever appointed to that high position, being only forty-four years old. He has, however, had considerable diplomatic experience, and possesses good abilities. His first appointment was as attaché of the British legation at Washington, where his uncle, Sir HENRY BULWER, afterward Lord DALLING, was minister. He was then eighteen. He afterward was attached to the legations at Paris, Florence, St. Petersburg, Constantinople, Vienna, Athens, and in 1874 was appointed embassador to Portugal. Last year he declined the Governorship of Madras. The Viceroyship is not a bad thing to have. The salary is $125,000 per annum, and allowances equal to $60,000 more.

—The following letter from Bishop HAVEN speaks for itself:

"MY DEAR MR. HARPER,—In a professed 'interview' with me, published in the Omaha *Bee*, I am reported as saying, 'The HARPERS don't care, as long as they can make money, notwithstanding they are Methodists.' I never made any such remark, nor thought it. I had a conversation upon Church matters, local and personal, with a brother there, and did add a few words on the public questions, but entirely as a private conversation, of which he was aware. But in no part of my conversation did I refer to your house in the manner asserted. Nothing in the subject-matter of that conversation has troubled me except that 'interview,' falsely so called, and that which chiefly troubled me in that article was this reference to your house, unjust and untrue to you, and entirely foreign to all my thought and feeling.

"I beg you not to believe that I could have uttered that remark.

"I am most truly yours, G. HAVEN.

"NEW ORLEANS, *January* 10, 1876."

—Mr. CHARLES LANMAN, whose *Dictionary of Congress* is the only authentic work of the kind extant, will soon publish a volume of biographical annals of the civil government of the United States during its first century. It will contain about 7000 biographical sketches, and 8000 additional names of persons who have been connected with the government.

—It is among the curious mutations of politics that Mr. REAGAN, of Texas, who was Postmaster-General of the Southern Confederacy, is now second on the Committee on Post-office Expenditures in the present House of Representatives.

—Two pieces of sculpture, said to be by CANOVA, of which one is a bust of NAPOLEON I. and the other of MARIA LOUISA, have recently been presented to Welles College, Aurora, New York. In 1839 they were sent by LOUIS PHILIPPE to a citizen of Mexico, and at his death were sold and brought hither.

—Elder EVANS has ceased to edit the *Shaker and Shakeress*. The new editor, Mr. LOMAS, drops half the title, and now calls it *The Shaker*. The Shakers are looking for a great revival, but not through the efforts of their organ, which really is no great shakes of a paper.

—The oldest officer of the Prussian army is Field-Marshal VON WRANGLE, who will this year complete the ninety-second year of his life, and the eightieth year of his service in the Prussian army.

—Professor B. L. GILDERSLEEVE, who has just accepted the chair of Greek in the John Hopkins University, is reckoned, by those who ought to know, one of the best living Hellenists. He took his Ph.D. degree (of the first grade) at Göttingen when a very young man, and almost immediately on his return to America was appointed to the professorship of Greek in the University of Virginia, where, high as has always been the standard of scholarship, he speedily made the Greek diploma so difficult of attainment as to become one of the most eagerly coveted prizes of the academic "schools." Dr. GILDERSLEEVE is a brilliant lecturer, and his old pupils describe his metrical translations of the tragic choruses as marvels of scholarly accuracy and felicity of poetic expression. He has written much for the quarterlies, chiefly on classical subjects, is a critical Shakspearean scholar, and the author of an admirable Latin grammar, while his recent edition of *Persius* (HARPER & BROTHERS) has met cordial praise from the leading scholars of the country. He is by no means of the Dryasdust order of professor either in appearance or tastes, but is still comparatively a young man, of commanding presence, and possessed of a brilliant and trenchant wit very depressing at times in his lecture-room to the too clever under-graduate. He is said to be a prodigious worker, and has for twenty years made Greek his specialty. He served on General GORDON's staff during the war, and was badly wounded in the Valley campaign of 1864. His withdrawal from his present position is deeply deplored by Virginia scholars.

DOMESTIC INTELLIGENCE.

CONGRESS accomplished nothing of importance during the week ending the 15th. The House spent most of the time in discussing Mr. Randall's Amnesty Bill. The principal speakers were Messrs. Blaine, Garfield, Hill, and Cox. On the 14th the bill, with an amendment by Mr. Banks, requiring an oath, but including Jeff Davis, was defeated, less than two-thirds voting for it. The count was 182 to 97. Mr. Blaine moved to reconsider, but subsequently withdrew the motion. —On the 11th Senator Paddock introduced a bill for the admission of New Mexico as a State. Representative Morrison (Democrat), of Illinois, introduced a bill preparatory to the redemption of United States notes and the resumption of specie payments. It proposes to retain gold in the Treasury to the amount of thirty per cent. of the outstanding legal tenders, requires national banks to retain gold paid for their interest on bonds deposited to secure currency till they have thirty per cent. of their outstanding notes, and repeals that portion of the Resumption Act compelling specie resumption in 1879. Eulogies upon the late President Johnson were delivered in both Houses the same day. —The Senate, on the 12th, decided, by a vote of 34 to 15, that the office of President *pro tem.* of that body is held at the pleasure of the Senate.

Francis S. Thayer, late auditor of the Canal Department of this State, resigned his office on the 11th.

A bill was introduced in the Ohio State Senate, on the 11th, imposing a fine of $50 for taking the name of God in vain.

The National Republican Committee met at Washington on the 13th, and decided to hold the next Republican Presidential Convention at Cincinnati June 14.

FOREIGN NEWS.

PRESIDENT M'MAHON, on the 13th, issued a proclamation invoking the aid of God and the support of the French people in upholding the constitutional laws.

A violent gale blew over the western part of the Mediterranean Sea on the 13th, causing great damage to property.

Public functionaries receiving over £500 a year are disqualified, by royal decree, from sitting in the Spanish Cortes.

The Spanish steamer *Alegria* was wrecked recently off Cabras, Porto Rico, and six lives were lost.

A CHASE AFTER SMUGGLERS.—Drawn by J. O. Davidson.—[See next Page.]

CHASING SMUGGLERS.

In spite of the vigilance of the Custom-house officials, a great deal of smuggling is done at every large sea-port, and more, probably, at New York than at any other place, because of the immense number of ships arriving here from foreign lands. Professional smugglers sometimes drive a lucrative though precarious business. One successful venture will more than pay for several failures. The ingenuity with which contraband goods are concealed often baffles the most keen-witted detective; but every discovery makes the next venture more hazardous, and concealment more difficult. Boot heels are no longer a safe hiding-place for diamonds, and no detective in search of smuggled lace is likely to be deterred from ripping open a lap rug because it may be old and dirty, or tossed into a corner with apparent carelessness.

To prevent wholesale smuggling by means of small craft boarding in-coming vessels off the coast, the government maintains quite a large fleet of revenue-cutters for the purpose of cruising, as well as smaller tugs for harbor service. The cutters are too large to chase the light craft into the inlets or rivers where they take refuge when chased, or for such service as that to which the government tug in our illustration is put. The sail-boat has probably picked up a lot of smuggled goods, silks, or cigars which had been carefully packed in gutta-percha cases and thrown into the harbor by confederates on board of some newly arrived steamer or ship. A sail or row boat, following leisurely in the wake, picks up these cases and makes quietly for the shore. In this instance the smugglers have been discovered by the alert government officials, who pursue them in a swift tug-boat, and appear to be in a fair way to overhaul them.

MONUMENT TO AGASSIZ.

MONUMENT TO AGASSIZ.

The block of granite placed on the grave of Agassiz was brought in the late autumn of 1874 from the Aar Glacier, in Switzerland—the glacier on which he spent so many summers, at the well-known Hôtel des Neufchatelois, when collecting the material for his glacial works. It is a large well-proportioned block, about four feet in height, weighing nearly two thousand pounds. It was selected from the terminal moraine of the glacier by Agassiz's friend and relative, Mr. A. Mayor, who also made the necessary arrangements with the superintendent of the hospice for its removal to the railroad terminus. Those who are familiar with the path leading from Tenhoff to the hospice will understand the difficulties of transportation.

As soon as the snow was sufficiently deep to travel upon, a force of some forty-five men was collected at the Grimsel. The block was then taken from the foot of the moraine and moved a distance of four miles along the bed of the Aar on a heavy sled constructed for the purpose, crossing on the way an ancient terminal moraine nearly a hundred feet in height, traversing the bed of the Aar on a bridge improvised for the occasion, and finally reaching the path leading from Meyringen to the Grimsel. From this point the path to Tenhoff, some twenty miles beyond, is dangerous in certain places. No horses could be used, and the block was hauled the whole distance by men engaged for the purpose, and brought together from points more or less remote, the Grimsel being completely deserted in winter. From Tenhoff to Brienz the way was comparatively easy, and at the latter place steamboats took the place of the sled.

From the nature of the block and its position on the moraine, it must once have formed a part of the Abschwung, the dividing line of mountains between the two main branches of the Aar Glacier, a few miles above the Hôtel des Neufchatelois. At the time Agassiz lived on the glacier this block undoubtedly formed a part of the median moraine, over which he traveled to reach his hut. With the exception of the letters cut upon it, this bowlder stands upon the grave untouched, as it came from the glacier. On the face is the inscription, "Louis Jean Rodolphe Agassiz." On the opposite side, "Born at Motier, Switzerland, May 28, 1807; died at Cambridge, Massachusetts, December 14, 1873." On the edge are the words, "Bowlder from the Aar Glacier."

HIGH STREET, PHILADELPHIA.

By way of contrast, views of old Philadelphia become of interest this year. Our picture of old High Street, in that city, is a fac-simile of a copper-plate engraving published in 1806, and it doubtless gives an accurate representation of the appearance of that street seventy years ago. On the right is the edifice of the First Presbyterian Church of Philadelphia, which, as shown by the inscription, was founded in 1704, and rebuilt in 1794. It was taken down in 1820. The figures of the men and women show the quaint costumes in fashion at the time the picture was engraved, while the absence of any thing like a crowd of vehicles and persons makes a striking contrast with the appearance of the street to-day.

[Published by Special Arrangement with the Author.]

DEAD MEN'S SHOES:

A Novel.

By MISS BRADDON,

Author of "Hostages to Fortune," "Lady Audley's Secret," "Strangers and Pilgrims," "Taken at the Flood," "A Strange World," etc.

CHAPTER XL.

GAINING TIME.

Not long does Mr. Pilgrim content himself with undeclared and silent homage. The day comes, too soon for Sibyl, when he opens the flood-gates of his passion. He is a very different wooer from the honest-minded Englishman, Sir Wilford Candonnel, and Sibyl finds her position more painful than it has ever been yet.

He follows her into the garden one June evening after dinner, when twilight is creeping over Redcastle, purpling the foliage in Sir John Boldero's park, and spreading a faint gray shadow over the brilliant flower beds on Mr. Trenchard's lawn.

"Why always avoid me?" asks Joel, tenderly, as Sibyl quickens her pace at his coming.

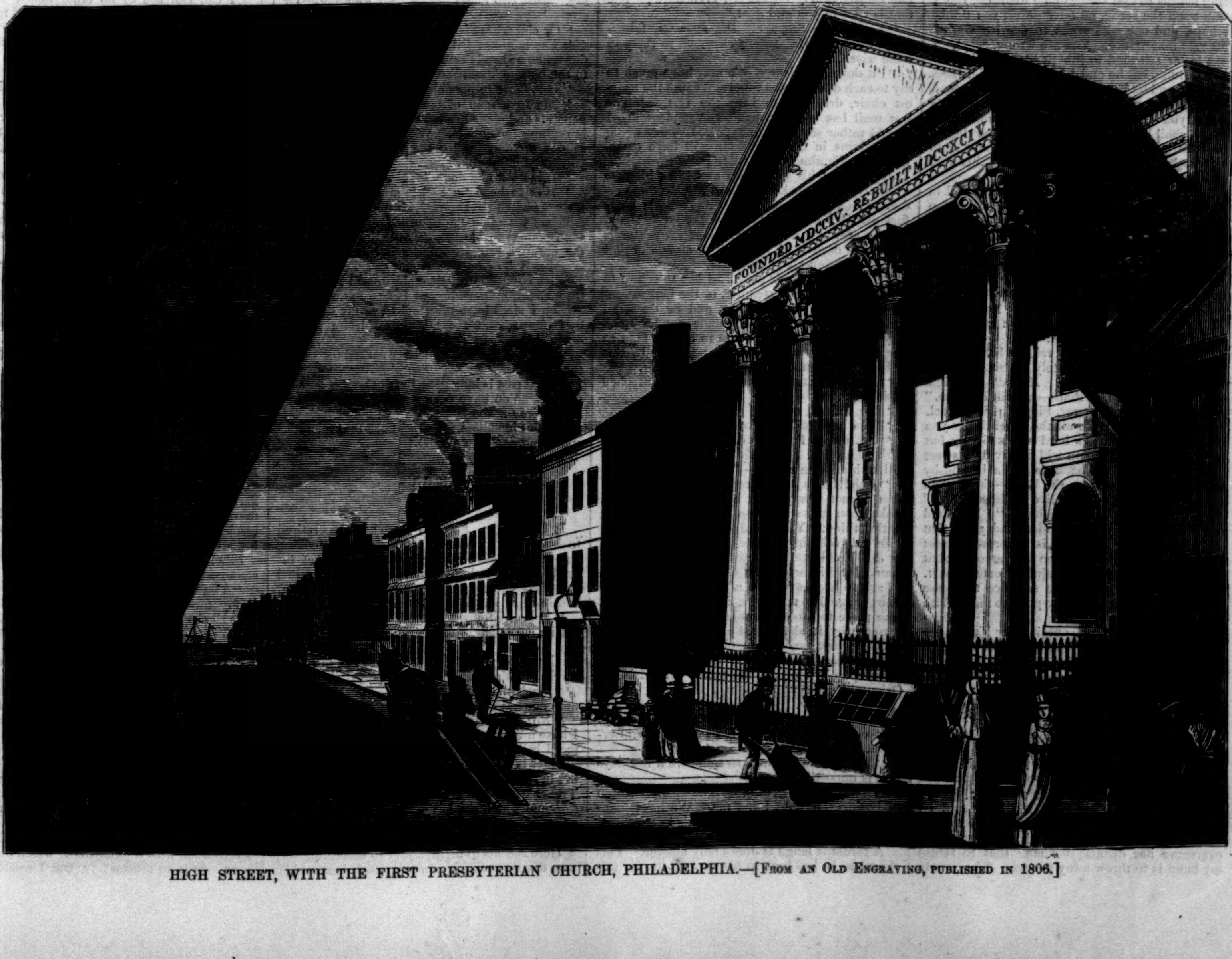
"I think the reason is obvious," she says.

She has constrained herself to be civil to him since that remonstrance of her uncle's, but to-night the tenderness of his tone, its oily smoothness, its hypocritical sweetness, irritate her beyond all bearing.

"You mean that my presence is disagreeable to you?"

"You may construe my remarks in that way if you please. I may respect you as my uncle's friend, but you really give me a little too much of your society for me to value you on your own account."

"But it is on my own account that I seek to



HIGH STREET, WITH THE FIRST PRESBYTERIAN CHURCH, PHILADELPHIA.—[From an Old Engraving, published in 1806.]

be valued, Sibyl. A fig for the respect you pay your uncle's friends! Give me love for love, truth for truth."

"Love!" she echoes, scornfully.

"Yes, love. Am I so revolting a person that the word sounds obnoxious from my lips? Yes, Sibyl, love. You know that I love you devotedly, passionately, with the kind of love that can conquer obstacles, and win its wish in spite of all opposing influences. There is nothing to oppose me but your own obdurate heart. Your uncle's most ardent desire is that you should be my wife."

"You have worried him into expressing such a desire," replies Sibyl; "but I do not believe that it is really his wish. His ardent desire before you came to the How was that I should marry Sir Wilford Candonnel."

"Sir Wilford Candonnel has no claim upon your uncle's affection—can never be to him what I am."

"Whatever you may be to my uncle, I only know that the effect of your presence has been to alter him strangely for the worse. There has been no happiness in this house since you have lived in it."

Happily for Sibyl she does not see the vindictive look—a look of wrath that is almost deadly—which Joel Pilgrim turns upon her after this speech. Her eyes are fixed on the shadowy line of woodland which shuts out the world beyond Sir John Boldero's park.

Joel takes time before replying to these uncomplimentary remarks, and his voice, when he does reply, has all its familiar blandness—that oily smoothness which is so hateful to Sibyl.

"Why do you say these hard things to me, Sibyl?" he asks. "Is it to prove my love, to test my forbearance, and gauge the depth of my devotion by my power to endure your insults?"

"I have no wish to insult you," replies Sibyl, feeling that she has gone a little too far, and that this scene may be used to her disadvantage with her uncle. "We might be good friends if you would only leave me alone. I do not interfere with you. I am not jealous of your influence with my uncle. Why do you follow me about and persecute me with attentions which, as I have candidly told you, are disagreeable to me?"

"Why does the sunflower turn to the sun? I follow you because I love you, and because I have sworn to win love for love."

"That you will never do."

"Yes, Sibyl, love will come by-and-by, with time and custom, when you are my wife."

"That day will never dawn."

"Yes, it will, Sibyl. You have played your cards too well to throw up the game just at the last, when you are close upon winning. Come, we will abandon poetical similes and lovers' talk, and settle the subject like a man and woman of the world. With all your sweetness, there is a touch of worldly wisdom about you, Sibyl. We will speak plainly. You have set your heart upon inheriting your uncle's fortune—a prize worth winning, I grant, a diamond not to be found in every mine. You have wound yourself about the old man's heart, and have made yourself dear to him. You stand a good chance of being heiress to that incalculable wealth. But I come upon the scene, an adventurer, you think, perhaps, and one who seeks to deprive you of that vast inheritance. You are wrong, Sibyl. I have never schemed to inherit Stephen Trenchard's fortune, but he and I have certain business relations, and he is necessary to me. He is fond of me too, after his own fashion—just as he is fond of you—and he has made up his mind that we two shall be one. If you thwart that desire, you hazard his favor; nay, I will go so far as to say that I know your refusal to gratify this wish would lead him to alter his will."

"And you know that he has made a will in my favor?" cries Sibyl, betrayed into a question which, after a moment's reflection, she feels ashamed at having asked, of this man most of all.

"Yes," replies Mr. Pilgrim, deliberately. "I know that Stephen Trenchard has bequeathed the bulk of his fortune to you; nay, I may go so far as to say his entire fortune. Your sisters will be disappointed, I fear, but you have made yourself the favorite, you see."

"And he is soon to die," reflects Sibyl. "If I offend him now by absolutely refusing to marry this man, I shall lose all. If I can gain time—a very little time, perhaps—all will be mine."

"Give me your answer, Sibyl," pleads Joel. "I am ready to forgive all the cruel things you have said. A woman's hard words signify but little. Tell me that you will be my own sweet wife, that I may go back to India by-and-by with a fair princess from the West—fairer than a dream to Indian eyes. Give me hope, Sibyl."

"Give me time," replies Sibyl. "I have told you that—that I do not understand you—that the idea of your affection is at present most painful to me. Give me time to overcome what is perhaps an unworthy prejudice on my part. I would make any possible sacrifice to please my uncle, who has been very good to me. With time, perhaps—"

"So be it," says Joel, offering her his hand—that small, cold hand whose touch she so much dislikes. "Shake hands upon that, my princess. I will wait. You have no idea how patient I can be if I see my way clear to the end. Let Fortune say to me such and such a prize is there for you to win, and I will win it. I will win you, my love, if conquest lies within the limits of the possible."

"And you will not torment me with attentions which—"

"Which only increase your prejudice against me. No, Sibyl, I will sink the lover and be only the man of the world. I will say to myself, 'My love knows that it is her interest to overcome her distaste for me; that to refuse my hand is to throw away fortune. I have only to be patient. All good things come to him who can wait, like yonder moon which pierces that summer cloud and shines upon some belated traveler just when the way seemed darkest.' Come, Sibyl, let us go back to our dear uncle—my uncle as well as yours by-and-by. The dew is falling, and your English compounds—or gardens, as you call them—are so damp."

They go back to the drawing-room, where Stephen Trenchard sits reading by a brilliant carcel lamp, and the look which Sibyl turns upon him is perhaps the most awful look that has ever scrutinized his face, for it is the gaze of one who watches for the tokens of death. Is it true what they all say? she wonders, despairingly. Is the forecast shadow of the end dark upon his face already? Does that grayish tinge which overspreads the sallower tint beneath mean only the slow advance of age? or is it the awful hue of swift-approaching death? She can not tell. He is so fitful in his health and spirits, feeble to helplessness to-day, full of restless activity to-morrow.

He looks up from his newspaper as they enter from the garden.

"Well, young people, have you been enjoying the moonlight?"

"Yes, we have had a pleasant stroll—the pleasantest I have had since I came to England. I never saw a moonrise that shone upon such content as I feel to-night," answers Joel.

Sibyl tries not to shudder too obviously.

"Shall I read to you, uncle?" she asks, feeling that even the money article will be better than lover-like speeches from the lips of Joel Pilgrim.

"No, my dear, I have finished my *Times.* You and Joel can play chess."

It is a game of skill in which Joel excels, and which Sibyl utterly detests. He has taught her to play just tolerably, and she would rather play chess with him—the game engaging all his faculties and exercising all his cunning—than hear him talk; so she takes her place at the board submissively, and Joel's tawny hands arrange the stately carven images, castles on elephants, Indian potentates for kings, Indian warriors for pawns, and Brahmins for bishops.

For a little while after this interview in the garden Sibyl's life is more endurable, for Mr. Pilgrim's attentions are less marked. He does not follow her from room to room so persistently as he did before his declaration. He allows her to ride alone, horsemanship being an exercise which he cordially detests. She has leisure in which to brood upon the difficulties that hem her in and calculate upon the hour which will bring her release.

But this period of repose does not last long. One morning her uncle sends Podmore to summon her to his study. She finds him seated at his table, which is littered with papers and letters, and before him lies that oblong volume which she saw on the night after the races through the glass door, and which she supposes to be a ledger.

Joel Pilgrim stands by the window, very serious of aspect, his tawny countenance a shade paler than usual.

"I have sent for you to discuss a very important subject, Sibyl," begins Mr. Trenchard; "one that is vital to you and Joel."

"Yes, Uncle Stephen," she answers, falteringly, feeling as if she were expected to reply in some wise.

"Sit down, my dear. We may have much to say to each other;" and Sibyl sinks into the nearest chair, dreading to hear the rest. "The last mail has brought Joel some unpleasant—I should rather say some unexpected—news about his business in Calcutta. He will have to return to India almost immediately."

Joel gnaws his nether lip and turns his face away from the speaker, perhaps to hide that vindictive look in eye and lip. Sibyl's heart beats furiously, but her agitation is full of joy. Heaven has sent her a reprieve. Her tormentor is obliged to depart. There will be an end of that hateful question about marriage.

"Yes, my dear, our poor Joel has to return to Calcutta by the next steamer, or the first steamer that he can be ready for, and he does not want to go back alone. You understand, Sibyl."

Very ghastly is the change in Sibyl's face as she looks at her uncle, struck speechless by this sudden revulsion from gladness to despair.

"You understand, my dear?" repeats Stephen Trenchard.

"No, indeed, uncle."

"You have promised to be Joel's wife—"

"No, uncle, I gave no promise," she falters, with white lips. "I only said that I would try to like him better; that—"

"Bah! that's a girl's vague way of putting it. You women always beat about the bush. Joel looks upon it as a promise, and so do I. It is a settled thing. You and Joel are to be man and wife, thus fulfilling the dearest wish of my heart, as Joel's oldest friend and your nearest kinsman. By this means you will mutually enjoy all I have to bequeath. In a word, I have set my heart upon this marriage, Sibyl, and it can not take place too soon. Joel's recall to India is a reason why it should take place immediately. Joel will lose no time in obtaining the license, and you can be married. Let me see—this is Tuesday. When does the next Peninsular and Oriental leave Southampton, Joel?"

"On Monday."

"Good! You can be married on Saturday. You can go to York for the license this afternoon, Joel."

"But, Uncle Stephen, so soon—in a few days—it is impossible."

"Nonsense, child, nothing is impossible to men of business, like Joel and me. We have managed more difficult things than this in our time, haven't we, Joel?"

A sardonic laugh is Joel's only answer. Persistent as he has been in his wooing, his air this morning is not exactly suggestive of delight or that entrancement which should belong to triumphant love.

"But you are so ill, uncle—I could not leave you."

"I am flattered by the affectionate thought, but I am not so ill as you suppose. And the idea that I have made you and Joel happy will be better than medicine."

"My trousseau, uncle—my outfit? To go to India at a few days' notice! I assure you that any one would tell you it is impossible."

"Any one might tell me any absurdity, but I should not be obliged to believe them. Do not let us have any more young-lady-like objections, Sibyl. The matter is settled. Joel will go to York by the two o'clock train, and I will write to Mr. Chasuble to give notice of the wedding on Saturday. As to trousseau, as you call it, you must have finery enough to last your lifetime, I should think, judging from the length of your bill at Carmichael's; and now go, my dear: Joel and I have business matters to discuss for the next half hour. Joel, salute your bride."

Mr. Pilgrim intercepts Sibyl at the door, and takes her hand. He draws her toward him, as if about to kiss her on the lips, but there is something in her look so repellent—nay, so abhorrent—that even his audacity is checked. He falls back a little, and raises her hand to his lips, and with this ceremonious salutation lets her go.

"You are not a very warm lover, Joel," says Stephen Trenchard, with a sneer, when the door has closed upon his niece. "The sun of the tropics doesn't seem to have infused much of its fire into your veins."

"You see me at a disadvantage," replies the other, seating himself at the table, and examining one of those numerous documents with a moody attentiveness that suggests trouble. "The girl hates me."

"And you hate the girl. Is that it?"

"No. I think her one of the loveliest women I ever saw—a prize worth winning at some cost of self-abasement. But her detestation for me is a little too obvious, and I must confess that I am somewhat less eager to win her than I was a few weeks ago."

"Before I made certain confidences, eh, Joel? Never mind. I told you I would make her marry you, and you see I mean to keep my word. Loving or loathing will make very little difference to you, I take it. You will know how to make her obey you. You will have a pretty wife to uphold your position in Calcutta—a good card to play always where fools abound, as they do in the City of Palaces. And you will have the handling of my fortune."

"I ought to be grateful," replies Joel, coldly, with his eyes still bent upon a column of figures.

"And now, Joel, let us be business-like. I think you will confess that I have gone into your affairs thoroughly this morning. There has been no impatience. I have not been betrayed into one angry word, but I have arrived at a conclusion, and I shall abide by it."

"And that is—"

"I must have ten thousand pounds from you between this and Saturday at nine in the morning. Just two hours before your wedding. Or else—"

"Or else what?"

"The house of Pilgrim and Company will go down like a vessel that breaks her back—straight to the bottom, Joel."

"It is quite impossible."

"Not to a man of business, Joel. To great generals and clear-headed commercial men there is nothing impossible. We only print the word in our dictionaries for the weak and brainless portion of humanity."

"It is not to be done."

"It is to be done, and it must be done," retorts Stephen Trenchard, bringing down his clinched fist upon the open ledger; "ten thousand pounds in hard cash, Joel—a drop out of the ocean, a brand from the burning. Borrow it, raise it how or where you can, among your English connections, but understand I must have it on Saturday morning, or before Saturday afternoon I shall have telegraphed to my solicitors in Calcutta, and the house of Pilgrim will be doomed."

"After all the money I have earned for you in the past?"

"That past is long gone by, Joel—it is the pluperfect. You have been sucking my blood like a vampire for the last three years, and have left me all but bloodless. I must have that ten thousand pounds."

CHAPTER XLI.

AT BAY.

It is evening. Stephen Trenchard has retired to his room immediately after dinner, looking wan and wearied, worn out perhaps by that interview with Joel Pilgrim in the study. Sibyl has offered to go to his room and read to him, and has had her offer refused.

"I am tired, my dear, and want sleep, if I can get it; but that seems harder for me to obtain now than for a pauper to get gold. One would think the voice of doom had cried out to me, as it cried to Macbeth, 'Sleep no more!'"

"Macbeth was a murderer, uncle. You should not compare yourself to him."

"No; I have never dipped my hands in blood. I have used the world pretty much as it has used me, I believe—give and take."

Sibyl is alone in a small sitting-room adjoining her bedroom—a pretty little room which Mr. Trenchard has allowed her to appropriate to herself, and which she has adorned with various elegant trifles from the Redcastle shops—books, engravings, statuettes—the things that women love.

Here she sits to-night, a prey to something very near despair. She is now completely hemmed in. Only two modes of escape lie before her. The first and more obvious is flight. She can leave Lancaster Lodge. There is no constraint upon her. She is free to go away, penniless as when she came, and leaving fortune behind her. The second and more hazardous alternative is to prevail upon Joel Pilgrim to abandon his design—to induce him, of his own accord, to give up the idea of marriage until he is able to return from Calcutta.

Ten o'clock strikes, and soon afterward she hears the bell at the lodge entrance, and then wheels grinding over the gravel, and she knows that Mr. Pilgrim has returned with the license. She has breathed more freely during his absence, and his return seems to bring an atmosphere of trouble and perplexity into the house. Will he come to her or send for her to tell her that his hateful errand has been successfully accomplished? She sits listening for his detested footstep. The ears of hate are as keen as those of love, and she knows that footfall only too well.

Yes, there it comes along the carpeted corridor, slow and stealthy. "The jungle tigers walk like that, I dare say," thinks Sibyl.

He opens the door softly, and comes in. The dull yellow of his complexion is relieved by a crimson flush on the smooth cheeks. His black eyes glitter with an unaccustomed light. Mr. Pilgrim has dined more luxuriously than usual at York, and has refreshed himself with soda and brandy more than once during the homeward journey. He is altogether a different man from that Joel Pilgrim who recoiled from Sibyl this morning, abashed by her coldness.

"I saw the light in your window, my pretty one," he says, seating himself at the table where Sibyl is reading, and drawing his chair close to hers, "and I knew where to find you."

"Hadn't you better go down stairs and order some supper, Mr. Pilgrim? It is nearly eleven o'clock, and the house will be going to bed almost immediately."

"Let the house go to Tophet," exclaims Joel. "I want nothing it can give me. I only want to see your lovely eyes, Sibyl, to hear your sweet voice, and to claim the kiss you denied me this morning. Look here," taking a paper from his breast pocket: "the Archbishop of York has given me permission to make you my wife; the knot is to be tied next Saturday. In four days, Sibyl—only four days—you who have been so cruel, you who have held me aloof so long, will be all my own. Yes, Sibyl; you who have pretended to hate me—"

"Pretended!" cries Sibyl, with an angry flash from her dark eyes. "It has been very real."

"I am glad of that. They say extremes meet. It will be an easy transition from hatred to love; both are fiery passions. It is your lukewarm indifference than can never be kindled into affection."

"Now is the time," thinks Sibyl, "if I am to make an appeal to his forbearance, his pity, his self-interest. I can but try him."

"Mr. Pilgrim—" she begins, falteringly.

"What a formal mode of addressing your affianced lover—the man who has his marriage license in his pocket!"

"I can call you by no other name," she answers. "I am going to be more candid to-night than I have ever been. You may betray my confidence, perhaps ruin me with my uncle; I can not help it. Between you, you have driven me to bay."

"Very cruel of us," murmurs Joel, leaning back in his chair and looking at her with an admiring smile. She is very lovely in her agitation; cheeks faintly flushed, eyes brilliant, pouted lips of deepest crimson. Her suffering moves him not a jot.

"You have seen how I have striven to avoid you. You have put my avoidance down to hatred, and this, perhaps, has galled your pride; you have felt a natural anger against me, and you have resolved to win me in order to revenge yourself upon my insolence."

"A very subtle way of putting the case. No, Sibyl; I resolved to win you because you are lovely, and I love you. I need no stronger reasons than those two."

"You could not be determined to make me miserable unless I had provoked your anger. Forgive me for my seeming hatred of you; it was not really hatred of you, but love for another. My heart has long been given to another. I have pledged myself to be faithful to him to the end of my life, no matter what obstacles might intervene to keep us asunder. There are reasons why I can never tell my uncle of this engagement—reasons why I must keep it faithfully in spite of the world."

"No reason can stand against the archbishop's license, and the fact that you and I are to be married on Saturday," replies Joel, with the same insolent smile—the smile of a schemer who has brought his plot to a triumphant issue.

Sibyl has one argument still to offer. The strongest.

"You tell me that my uncle has made a will in my favor; that he will leave me all his fortune?" she says.

"Yes, that is a settled thing. You heard him say that we were to have his wealth—you and I."

"I did. And we can share it. Share it honorably and equally, without the hateful tie which would bring us nothing but misery. Release me from this engagement, Mr. Pilgrim. Tell my uncle that you would rather defer our marriage until you return from Calcutta. He is not likely to see that day. Do this, and I will pledge myself in any way that you may consider most binding. I will sign any document you choose to put before me, engaging myself to deliver over to you half my uncle's fortune, whatever it may be, the day I become possessed of it."

"A very liberal and business-like offer," exclaims Joel, with a quiet sneer, which freezes all hope. It is so pitiless! "But I would rather

have the pretty wife and the whole of the fortune, as by the existing arrangement I shall. Of course I shall knock off a handsome sum for pin-money. Your uncle hints that your tastes are somewhat extravagant, and Calcutta is not a place to teach economy. I shall not be a severe husband, and I shall like to see my wife the queen of taste and fashion."

Sibyl sits with her hands clasped on the table before her, unhearing, unheeding. She has made her last appeal, and she might as usefully have made it to stone. There is nothing for her now but flight. Yes, one alternative. She may confess all to Stephen Trenchard—tell him that she has been an impostor; that she has duped him into giving her his affection; that the wealth he has bequeathed to her will be shared by the son of his unforgiven foe.

No hope lies that way. She has played her desperate game to the last, and she must throw up the cards.

Once resolved, courage and calmness return together. She glances at the Swiss toy clock on the chimney-piece.

"Eleven o'clock, Mr. Pilgrim, and I am very tired. I really must wish you good-night."

She rises, gathers together her dainty fancy-work, closes her book, and holds out her hand to Joel Pilgrim.

But there is more of his native sunshine in Mr. Pilgrim's veins to-night than there was at noon to-day, and he is not to be satisfied with so cold a salutation from his affianced bride.

"You refused me my kiss this morning, Sibyl. I must exercise my privilege to-night."

His arm is round her; he tries to draw her toward him; but that slim form recoils from him as from something more hateful than death.

"Do not touch me," exclaims Sibyl, in a voice that is scarcely above a whisper. "You can not guess how much I would dare to escape such pollution. Look at this," she says to him, taking a small glass vial from her pocket and holding it up before him. "Do you know what that is? Sure and instant death. I would rather that should pass my lips than that your lips should touch them."

"I did not know you were a member of the Borgia family, or that such delightful customs prevailed among young ladies in England," says Mr. Pilgrim, letting her go, and contemplating her excited countenance with a gloomy look. "But perhaps you are only playing with me, and that bottle of yours contains one of those homœopathic preparations so fashionable nowadays, a globule of poison diluted with a gallon of water."

"It contains prussic acid, which I took from my uncle's surgery a few days ago, so that I might have one resource against all evils, even the horror of your touch."

"Not very complimentary to the man who is to be your husband next Saturday. Don't be foolish, Sibyl; give me that bottle and let me throw it under the grate."

"No, you shall not take it from me," exclaims Sibyl, clinching her hand upon the vial so tightly that it would need some exercise of Mr. Pilgrim's brute force to take it from her.

"Keep it, then," he cries, savagely. "Keep it, and reconcile yourself to all the evil it may do you. You are a heartless and unreasonable woman, and deserve to suffer for your folly. Keep your deadly poison, but remember your English proverb which tells you that it's dangerous to play with edged tools. And so good-night, Miss Faunthorpe. I'm afraid I shall have a vixen for a wife, and get the worst of it in our domestic quarrels."

Thus, with a sneer, he leaves her.

"No resource," murmurs Sybil; "none but flight or"—she looks at the little bottle, full of a colorless liquid—"or this."

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

SCIENTIFIC INTELLIGENCE.

THE alleged insectivorous habits of certain plants, such as Drosera and Dionæa, have attracted attention to the question of the composition of the viscid substance secreted by the glands on the leaves of species belonging to the former of these genera. The properties of this substance are evidently closely analogous to those of the pepsin which is the ferment secreted in the human stomach, and it is said even to give off the odor of pepsin on treating with sulphuric acid; but the quantity in which it has hitherto been obtained is too small to admit of accurate analysis. Professor FRANKLAND, of London, obtained results which convinced him that the substance was an acid or mixture of acids belonging to the fatty or acetic series; and he thinks he obtained certain evidence of the presence of propionic, and probably also of acetic and butyric acids. Mr. LAWSON TAIT, of Birmingham (England), on the other hand, believes he has proved the main ingredient to be lactic acid, while Professor WILL, of Erlangen, finds formic acid to be certainly present (which FRANKLAND failed to detect), as well as indications of propionic and butyric acids. Mr. A. W. BENNETT, of London, has detected glands in the leaves of Drosera and Pinguicula, which seem to have hitherto escaped attention, and which he believes to be intimately connected with the processes of absorption and digestion.

A most gigantic enterprise in the w[illegible] of the artificial multiplication of fish is that [illegible]st now in progress on the Detroit River, by [illegible]e Fish Commission of Michigan and that of Ca[illegible]da. It is well known that of all the fishes in t[illegible] lakes the white-fish is the most important, a[illegible] that upon its pursuit and capture is based a v[illegible]y important interest, which occupies a large n[illegible]mber of men and an immense capital. This, ho[illegible]ever, is one of the species most readily affec[illegible]d by overfishing, localities which furnished an [illegible]nple supply a few years ago being now almo[illegible] entirely exhausted.

When the Fish Commission of Michigan was organized, a few years ago, its attention was early directed toward measures for restoring the white-fish to its original abundance, and more if possible, and various propositions were made, some of which looked toward special restrictions in regard to the mesh of nets, time of capture, etc. It was found, however, that all the enactments for this end would be very difficult of execution, and it was finally concluded to endeavor to increase the numbers of fish by artificial propagation to such an extent as to make it unnecessary to pass any restrictive laws. Partial efforts to this end had been previously made; but it was during the year 1875 that the work was commenced on a really vigorous scale. At present the Commissioners have between six and eight millions of white-fish eggs in their new hatching establishment recently erected at Detroit, all reported to be in excellent condition, and likely to become vigorous fish, to be introduced into the waters of the lake during the coming year. Indeed, it is thought that by a new improvement, lately devised, it will be possible to hatch thirty millions the next year.

While this work is satisfactorily prosecuted by the Commissioners of Michigan, a similar enterprise is carried on by Mr. SAMUEL WILMOT on the Canadian shores opposite, who will probably hatch out five to eight millions, and who also expects to reach a minimum of twenty millions another season.

The importance of these enterprises can not be easily overestimated. It may be calculated that of each million of young fish placed in the waters, not less than two hundred thousand will attain a full maturity, and possibly a much larger percentage. The expense is a mere trifle in proportion to the results to be anticipated, and it will probably be found more economical to continue the work indefinitely than to trust to natural reproduction on the part of the fish themselves, or to protective measures, however stringent, for the future supply.

Another State equally interested in the object in view with Michigan and Canada is Ohio, and her Commissioners have also been doing what circumstances would permit them in the same direction. They have established four hatching houses—one at Cleveland, in connection with the water-works, one at Castalia Springs, near Sandusky, one at Toledo, in connection with the water-works, and one on Kelly's Island, in Lake Erie. So much time was occupied in getting these stations ready that the Commissioners could not procure a large stock of eggs, but expect to do their full share another season. In this emergency the Michigan Commissioners generously presented them with 800,000 white-fish eggs, which have been distributed to the different establishments, to be hatched out.

The extent to which, under certain circumstances, animals are enabled to sustain without injury changes of relation and condition is illustrated in the occurrence of the saw-fish, a strictly marine species, in a fresh-water lake near Manila, a body of water about ninety miles in circumference, and connected with the sea by the river Passig. The water of the lake is quite fresh, and perfectly drinkable after settling. It is believed, however, that formerly this was a portion of the sea, and, owing to some cause, the water has become entirely fresh. This impression is strengthened by the fact that there is a bank of fossil oysters about twenty miles from the outlet of the river. The saw-fish and some sharks occur in great numbers in the lake, and are regularly fished by the Indians, who attach much value to their flesh and to the oil.

A somewhat similar instance to this is shown in the occurrence of sharks and rays in Lake Nicaragua. It has not yet been ascertained whether or not these are identical specifically with the fish living in the sea adjacent, or whether, originally identical, they have become modified by their change of condition.

An addition to the list of American scientific journals has been made in the form of a *Botanical Bulletin*, edited by Mr. JOHN M. COULTER, of Hanover, Indiana. At present it is a sheet of four pages, appearing monthly, with the promise of increase in size with increase in subscribers. It is in form and general scope much like the Bulletin of the Torrey Botanical Club, to which frequent reference has been made in our columns.

Professor MAX MÜLLER, the eminent linguist, has recently resigned his chair of Comparative Philology in the University of Oxford, for the purpose of devoting himself more exclusively to the study of the sacred literature of the Hindoos. He has been asked to accept a professorship in Florence at the highest salary ever offered to a professor in Italy, but it is understood to be his intention to remain in England.

There is no subject at present which excites more interest than information in regard to the manners and customs of the prehistoric races of the world, any hint, however slight, being eagerly seized upon to assist in increasing our knowledge in this direction. The peculiarities of the skeletons are, of course, well known from the remains extant, the bones resisting the ordinary agencies of destruction. So with the greater portion of the implements and utensils used by these people, whether of wood, bone, stone, or metal. The case is quite different, however, in so far as human lineaments are concerned, the instances of corpses preserved, with the flesh and the skin in a better or worse state, being very rare; but when occasionally these are found, clothed, in exceptionally secure resting-places, the record of their discovery is eagerly scanned.

Quite lately, in excavating a tumulus of the bronze period in Jutland, Denmark, three oaken coffins were met with. In one was found a skeleton of a woman clothed in a woolen chemise with a long skirt. Around the loins was a girdle, and the whole body was enveloped in a woolen cloak. Upon the head was a fillet of hair with a bronze diadem, the arm was ornamented with bracelets, and a band was around the neck, all of bronze. In the middle of the coffin was a beautiful clay vase, and a bronze dagger with a horn handle.

The skeleton of a young man was found in another coffin covered with a cloak fastened together with a pin. By the side was the scabbard of a long sword, in which was inserted a small bronze dagger. A box made of bark was near the head. The third coffin contained the skeleton of an adult female covered with a cloak. Around the loins was fastened a short skirt of woolen tissue, with a cincture formed with twisted woolen threads, and on the head was a woolen hood.

In the same tumulus was a large square cavity inclosed by numerous stones, in which were several swords and daggers in bronze, and a double bronze button covered with gold. Under the sod which covered this tumulus was found a pile of small stones, a knife, and various other articles.

A school for the education of women for the medical profession was opened in London in October, 1874, with about seventeen students; and during the two sessions that it has now been in existence the pupils have shown great aptitude for the study, and given uniform satisfaction to a staff of eminent professors, who had offered their assistance in starting the new school. Two difficulties have at present presented themselves in the way of the students before they can be entitled to practice—the want of hospital practice, and the refusal of the legalized authorities to register women. During the last year the Medical Council, after a most animated debate, decided in favor of the admission of women to the medical profession, and the British government is now almost committed to introduce a bill during the ensuing session of Parliament to compel the examining bodies to admit women as candidates. When this is done, it is hoped that the difficulties of clinical instruction will also be got over, although up to the present time every hospital in London to which a medical school is attached has refused admission to female students.

RELIGIOUS INTELLIGENCE.

Calendar.

JANUARY, 1876.

Sunday,	30.—Fourth Sunday after Epiphany.	

FEBRUARY.

Wednesday,	2.—Purification B. V. M.
Sunday,	6.—Fifth Sunday after Epiphany.
Sunday,	13.—Septuagesima.
Sunday,	20.—Sexagesima.
Thursday,	24.—St. Matthias.
Sunday,	27.—Quinquagesima.

GENERAL GRANT'S recommendations in his recent Message for the protection of the common-school system are already producing visible effects upon public officers. The New York State Superintendent of Public Instruction proposes, in his annual report to the Legislature, such an amendment of the Constitution as will secure to the people in perpetuity free, unsectarian education. He says, very justly:

"Great anxiety exists at present among the people in regard to the schools. Although the danger may not be immediate, wisdom dictates that the evil be prevented before it has an opportunity to come. There are reports that propositions have been made, and in some cases accepted, that certain parochial schools not under the control of the State should be used by the trustees or boards of education of the districts in which they are located, on condition that the teachers should be appointed by those having control of such schools, or that the course of instruction be subject to their approval. The adoption of such a policy would be a step toward the destruction of our system of public instruction. I earnestly recommend that the Legislature take such steps as will securely imbed in the Constitution of the State our common schools, as will place them beyond the power of any man or set of men, party or sect, to interfere with their admirable working, or in any manner impair their usefulness or tend to their destruction. Let the Constitution be so amended as to make it obligatory that a free, public, unsectarian system shall be maintained in the State, thus making our school system a unity that will exist throughout all time."

If this were done by New York, the example would be followed by other States.

The changes certain to occur in a twenty-five years' pastorate are well illustrated in a sermon delivered by the Rev. Dr. H. C. FISH, at the completion of his connection for that period with the First Baptist Church of Newark, New Jersey. Of his original congregation only 49 remain; all of his first corps of deacons have died. His church has received in the quarter of a century 1781 members, and has now a total of 961 members. It has raised for its own support and for benevolence $350,000, an average of $14,000 yearly. There were 400 Baptist communicants in Newark in 1826; there are now 2933.

Bishop CUMMINS writes to the *Episcopal Recorder*, of Philadelphia, an account of the French Protestant or Huguenot church of Charleston, South Carolina, where he spent a Sabbath in December. It was originally erected in 1693, and is still occupied by descendants of the founders. The service-book in use is a translation of the liturgy of Neufchatel. The edifice now occupied was built in 1845.

The Rev. H. D. GANSE, late of this city, was installed pastor of the First Presbyterian Church of St. Louis on the first Sunday of January. The Rev. Dr. NIXON preached the installation sermon, the Rev. ROBERT IRWIN charged the pastor, and the Rev. Dr. NICHOLS the people.

The meetings of the Rev. E. P. HAMMOND in Lancaster have been transferred to the Opera-house. Numerous "inquirers" were reported. On Thursday, January 13, Mr. HAMMOND held a meeting in the prison.

Christmas was celebrated with a Christmas-tree and other accompaniments by the Chinese children who are under Sunday-school instruction in San Francisco. Among the persons present were the wives of several leading Chinese merchants in that city.

Messrs. WHITTLE and BLISS, the evangelists, closed their meetings in Milwaukee on Friday, January 7. They have gone to Madison, Wisconsin. Their arrival in that city was preceded by union meetings, in which Baptists, Presbyterians, and Methodists took part.

The Young Men's Christian Association of Indianapolis held its annual meeting in the First Presbyterian Church on January 9. During the year 1399 meetings have been held under the direction of the association, which were attended by more than 80,000 persons. The indebtedness is $7840, the assets are $2543. Delegates have gone during the year to various towns of the State, where they have held religious meetings.

A business men's prayer-meeting is held in Baltimore in the second story of the Rialto Building. It is limited strictly to half an hour, and three minutes' time is the utmost allowed to each speaker.

The Methodist Preachers' Meeting of Chicago discussed recently the question, "Are the churches making men conscientious in moral conduct?" It was agreed to continue the discussion the following week. The Chicago Presbytery, at its late quarterly meeting, discussed the overture on synodical representation, and decided to postpone action upon it till next April.

Bishop HUNTINGTON, of the Protestant Episcopal diocese of Central New York, received on January 9, at St. James's Church, Syracuse, ALPHONSE AUGUSTE DUPONT, formerly a Roman Catholic priest, into the ministry of the Protestant Episcopal Church. The ceremony consisted of an examination, the delivery of a copy of the Bible, and prayers. Professor DUPONT is a native of Normandy, France, has been a teacher in the Keble School, and is now a teacher in the High School.

The Rev. Dr. JOHN THOMPSON, formerly pastor of the Fourth Presbyterian Church in this city, has been appointed to the charge of the chapel of the Scotch Established Church in Rome for three months. When notified of his appointment he replied by telegraph, "Romans, i. 15" ("I am ready to preach the Gospel to you that are at Rome also").

It is reported that although Archbishop LEDOCHOWSKI will be unconditionally released on the 3d of February, he will be under the close observation of the government, and will be re-arrested should he attempt again to break the ecclesiastical laws. Archbishop MELCHERS, of Cologne, who fled from that city December 13, was on the point of being arrested and "interned" in a fortress. It is thought that the removal of General VON SCHWEINITZ, the Prussian envoy to Vienna, will retard the progress of the negotiations for the separation of Austrian Silesia from the bishopric of Breslau. The Bavarian Landtag, which was so suddenly prorogued by the king, was expected to re-assemble on the 3d of January. It was reported that the Catholics had matured plans for a further attack upon the king's ministers.

By the will of the late Mr. WOBURN, of Massachusetts, $100,000 were left for the advancement of Unitarian Christianity. Dr. PEABODY and the Rev. E. E. HALE are the trustees, and are now occupied in determining to what object the money shall be applied. The endowment of a book fund, and of a professorship of ecclesiastical history at Cambridge, have both been suggested.

The Oregon Baptist State Convention has requested its secretary to correspond with all the Baptist churches of Oregon, and also of Washington Territory, for the purpose of obtaining information concerning their organization and history, together with biographical sketches of the most important laborers. The information obtained will be condensed in a pamphlet history of the Baptist denomination in Oregon and Washington Territory.

Evangelists continue to multiply, and great effects produced by their preaching to be reported. The Rev. Mr. BRADLEY is holding a "mission" in St. Paul's Protestant Episcopal Church, of Cincinnati. At Port Jervis as many as seven hundred converts have been reported; at Newburgh, according to the *Journal*, six hundred. The committee in charge of Messrs. MOODY and SANKEY'S services in Philadelphia have called a Christian Convention to meet at the Dépôt Building on January 19 and 20. Special pains have been taken to secure the attendance of pastors from all parts of the country. The topics to be discussed relate to practical Christian work.

Some light has been thrown on the question of the amount of church property in the United States by a series of articles in the *Times*, of this city, from the pen of the Hon. GEORGE H. ANDREWS. He thinks that the President's estimate of the value of such property in 1875 ($1,000,000,000) $500,000,000 too much. The facts are that in 1850 the total value of church property in the country was $83,000,000; in 1860, $166,000,000; in 1870, $332,000,000. This shows, for the period named, a doubling of value every ten years. At this rate, the church property in the United States would be worth, in 1880, $664,000,000; in 1890, $1,328,000,000; and in 1900, $2,656,000,000. It may be doubted whether, upon the enlarged aggregates, the original rates of increase will be maintained.

The introduction into Congress of a bill for the transfer of the Indian Bureau from the Department of the Interior to that of War brings up afresh the whole subject of the Indian policy of the United States. The objections of the religious societies now engaged in the work of civilizing our aborigines to the transfer are very strong. They are very well summed up by the *Congregationalist* thus: 1. If the change is made, the whole plan of civilizing and Christianizing the Indians must be given up. 2. The present experiment of the government has proved to be entirely successful. 3. The presence of large numbers of soldiers among uncivilized men and women always leads to lewdness and debauchery. 4. The change will require a large expenditure of money. 5. The Indians are now all quiet, except a few SIOUX in Montana, and the Apaches in New Mexico. 6. Generals SHERMAN, HARNEY, and TERRY gave their judgment, in 1868, against the transfer in the most forcible words. They said: "If we intend to have war with the Indians, the Bureau should go to the Secretary of War. If we intend peace, it should be in the civil department. In our judgment, such wars are wholly unnecessary. The chief duties of the Bureau will be to educate and instruct in the peaceful arts; in other words, to civilize the Indians. The military arm of the government is not the most admirably adapted to discharge duties of this character."

"THE AULD HIND'S LOOKING!"

The art of following the red deer by cautious manœuvring for the purpose of bringing it down with the rifle, as practiced in the Highlands of Scotland, is, perhaps, unequaled as a sport in fatigue as well as excitement. The extensive tracts of hill land over which the deer roam and on which they are stalked are called "deer forests," though many of them, notwithstanding the appellation, are unable to boast of a single tree. Where these so-called forests belong to noblemen and others peculiarly addicted to the sport, the deer are preserved almost to the utter exclusion of sheep and other cattle. The sport is so highly esteemed by the Scotch people that greater attention is paid to it and more money expended upon it by its devotees than upon any other amusement. This arises from two causes—first, the intense excitement of the chase; and second, the comparative scarceness of good forests.

The accessories connected with deer-stalking are also very expensive. It is necessary to have one or more guides to accompany the stalker, hill-men to drive the game when that method of obtaining a shot is determined upon, and deer-hounds to pursue and bring the wounded game to bay. However excellent a marksman a deer-stalker may be, and though he may be tolerably conversant with the general "lay" and bearings of the ground, he is almost always accompanied by an experienced guide, upon whose cool judgment, keen eye, and thorough knowledge of every rock and knoll in the "forest" depends greatly his chance of obtaining a shot. In the first place, it is necessary to adopt a dress resembling as nearly as possible the color of the ground to be gone over. In this matter a hint might be taken from the American Indian. In preparing for a deer hunt the savages of our continent wisely discard all their war-paint and brilliant adornments, and select a costume that harmonizes with the barks of the trees and decayed logs by which they are surrounded. Thus with their bronzed faces they are nearly invisible while stealing through the thickets and lairs. Besides this, the deer-stalker should always possess a rifle of first-rate make, previously practiced with at various distances, and a deer-hound or more, trained to watch in perfect silence for the slightest look or sign from his master. He must also be the fortunate possessor of a robust constitution, equal to the fatigue and exposure of making his way over the ground, sometimes crouching, crawling, advancing feet foremost on his back, and wading through pools and streams of water. And when we add to all this the most unflinching perseverance and untiring patience, all is not said; for unless he is gifted by nature or experience with nerve to take instant and careful advantage of the rare opportunities a day's stalk may offer, his previous care and toil must go for nothing.

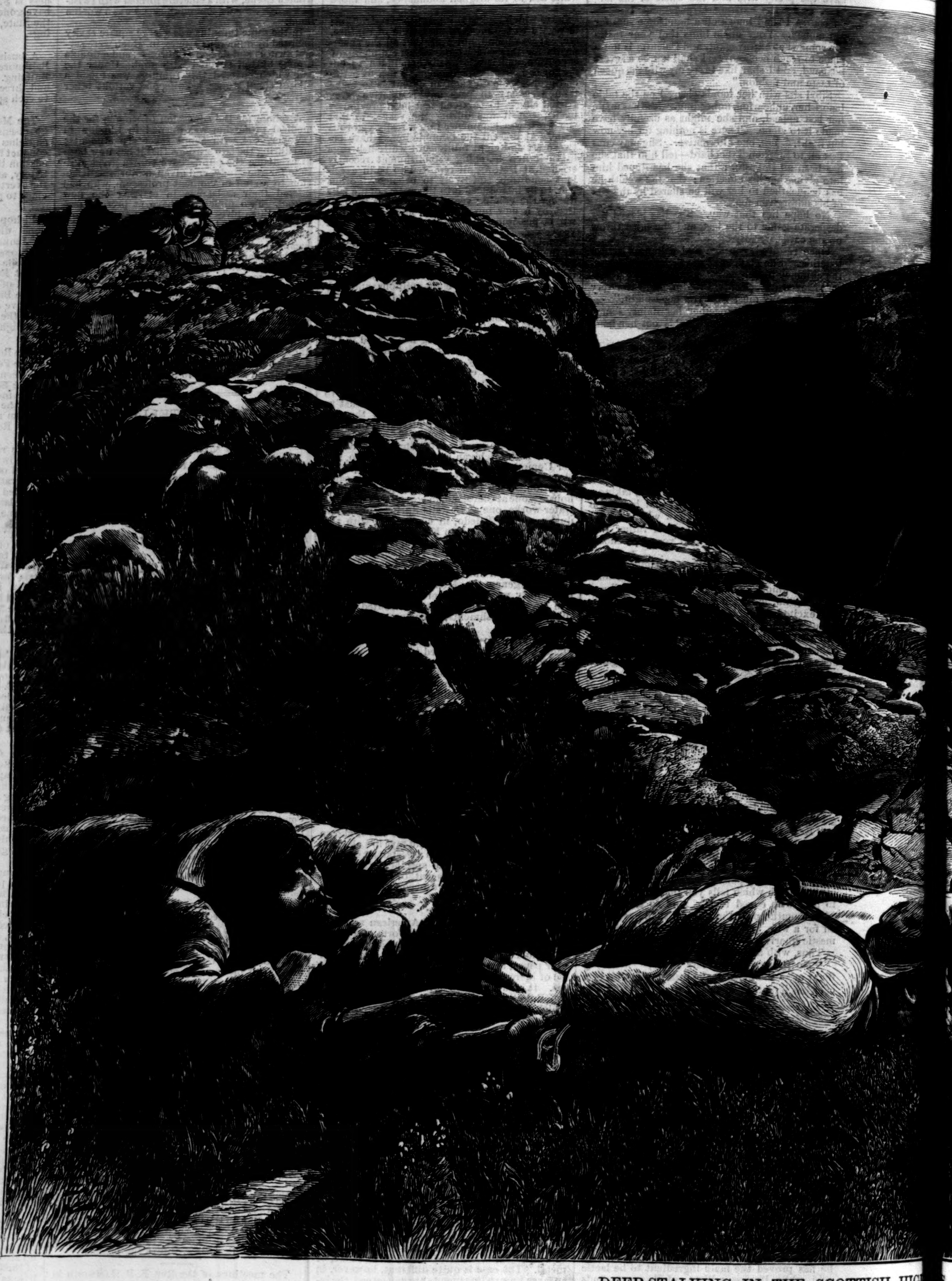
Deer are gifted with remarkably keen scent, a fact of which the stalker is well aware, and for which he must allow by advancing upon his game *up* the wind. They are also very far-sighted, and prone to take alarm at the slightest sound—faculties which warn the stalker never to let himself or his attendant be seen, and to observe the strictest silence. Deer, if disturbed, for the most part look for the cause as proceeding from the *low grounds*, and rarely from above. This peculiarity is duly taken advantage of by the sportsman, who accordingly advances upon his game, wind permitting, frequently by the most circuitous and precipitous paths, but always *down* hill.

When thus approaching deer that are feeding in the valley below, the utmost caution is requisite both as regards speed and the mode of progression. The stalker must advance inch by inch, resting upon his elbows, and pushing himself forward by his feet; he must observe every motion of the deer, stop when they cease from eating, and retain his position, however irksome it may be, till his game recommence pasturing. He must never even for an instant display the slightest unusual motion during his toilsome and stealthy advance, and must submit implicitly to every signal and whisper from his guide.

During protracted stalks, especially when the nature of the ground between the sportsman and the deer is free from sheltering knolls, the stalker's patience is tried to the utmost by having to pause so frequently in his progress. The stalk, however, is not usually so much *directly toward* the deer as for some intervening knoll or rock, where a little breathing space and relaxation of limb may be obtained before firing. We see an instance of this in our illustration. The sportsman and his gamekeeper are endeavoring to reach the shelter of a rock in the right hand of the picture. Its situation promises them a favorable shot. To reach it, alas! they have to cross some open ground, toward which the head of one of the party of deer they are pursuing is turned. Secure in the vigilance of his hinds, the stag is comfortably reposing in the heather, while his anxious dames, with ears erect and distended nostrils, stand about him sniffing the breeze, and looking out for approaching danger. One of the body-guard has apparently scented the hunters, and her quick eye commands every inch of the open space across which they must pass before the grazing herd can be in any danger from their guns. Every Scottish deer-stalker is familiar with the whispered warning announced by the disappointed guide, "The auld hind's looking." Her vigilance once aroused, the hunter's only chance of a shot is to remain motionless until her fears subside; but it more frequently happens that her alarm is communicated to the rest, and the whole party take their flight over the hills.

To approach a herd of deer near enough to shoot them with the ordinary rifle requires an amount of patience that few possess. Their suspicious nature must be conciliated by penances of almost suspended animation. The hunter must crawl upon his victim not only against the wind, but he must move with the silence of a cloud's shadow. So alert are these timid animals that, when one of them is reposing, he satisfies himself that the wind will convey the approach of the enemy from one quarter, and then lies down with his head turned in the opposite direction, that he may guard against surprise on all sides.

The deer is usually considered a most harmless animal, and poets have created much sympathy for them by representing that, when hunted and overtaken by the hounds, they have been known to weep. There is no reasonable authority for this statement, however, and, in fact, the deer is not only provided with powerful weapons for destroying his enemies, but does not fail to avail himself of them, and will sometimes commence the battle without provocation. In the year 1808 the Earl of Berkeley was walking with his little son in one of his parks, when he was set upon by a deer that he kept as a curiosity. The earl seized the horns of the animal with both hands, bravely holding on after he was knocked down and trampled upon by the furious beast. In this critical condition, he cried to the child not to be alarmed, but to come near enough, if possible, to take the knife from his pocket and stab the deer or cut his throat. The boy obeyed, found the knife, and went to work upon the throat of the animal. His courage, however, was greater than his strength, and he could not cut the deer's windpipe. Still he did not desist, but dealt the animal such a succession of furious blows, each one drawing the blood, that the deer finally became weakened, and yielding to the boy's brave and determined attack, turned and fled, just as the earl was about to loosen his hold through exhaustion.



DEER-STALKING IN THE SCOTTISH HIG[...]—"TH[...]

CRIPPS, TH[...]RRIE[...]

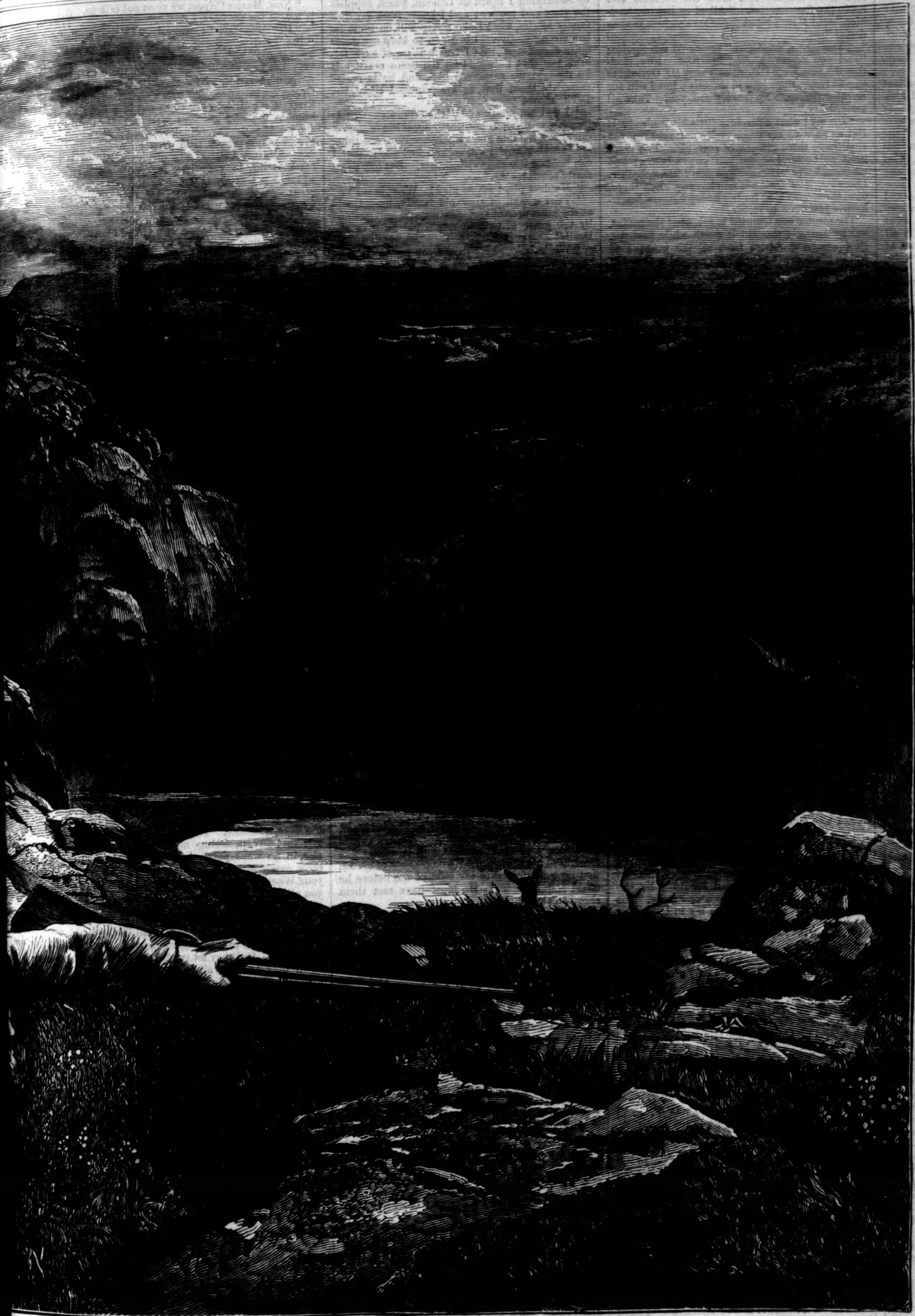
By R. D. B[...]E,

Author of "The Maid [...] Lorna Doon[...] "Alice Lor[...]"

CHAP[...]

THE BEST [...]

The arrows of the [...] ame shootin[...] over Shotover. It was [...] of that sa[...] week with which we be[...] y; the me[...] cury during those four [...] risen on[...] above 28° of Fahrenhe[...] stood abo[...] 22°, and lower than th[...] er meadow[...] Trusty and resolute Do[...] ad a hard[...] job than now. Some [...] dington hi[...] give pretty smart collar[...] est of time[...] and now with deep sn[...] y hoofs an[...]



S—"THE AULD HIND'S LOOKING!"

RRIER.

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ridged by wheels, but not worn down, hard it seemed for a horse, however sagacious, to judge what to do. Dobbin had seen snow ere now, and gone through a good deal of it. But that was before the snow had fallen so thickly on his own mane and tail, and even his wise eyebrows. That was in the golden days, when youth and quick impatience moved him, and the biggest flint before his wheel was crushed, with a snort at the road surveyor.

But now he was come to a different state of body, and therefore of spirit too. At this time of life it would not do to be extravagant of strength; it was not comely to kick up the heels; neither was it wise to cherish indignation at the whip. So now on the homeward road, with a heavy Christmas-laden cart to drag, this fine old horse took good care of himself, and having only a choice of evils, chose the least that he could find.

Alas, the smallest that he could find were great and very heavy ills. Scarcely any man stops to think of the many weary cares that weigh upon the back of an honest horse. Men are eloquent on the trouble that sits behind the horseman; but the silent horse may bear all that, and the troublesome man in the saddle to boot, without any poet to pity him. Dobbin knew all this, but was too much of a horse to dwell on it. He kept his tongue well under bit, and his eyes in sagacious blinkers, and sturdily up the hill he stepped, while Cripps, his master, trudged beside him.

Every "talented" man must think, whenever he walks beside a horse, of the superior talents of the horse—the bounty of nature in four curved legs, the pleasure there must be in timing them, the pride of the hard and goutless feet, the glory of the mane (to which human beard is no more than sea-weed in a billow), the power of blowing (which no man has in a comely and decorous form), and last, not least, the final blessing of terminating usefully in a tail. Zachary Cripps was a man of five talents, and traded with them wisely; but often as he walked beside his horse, and smelled his superiority, he became quite humble, and wiped his head, and put his whip back in the cart again. The horse, on the other hand, looked up to Zachary with soft faith and love. He knew that his master could not be expected quite to understand the ways a horse is bound to have of getting on in harness. The hundreds of things that must needs be done—and done in proper order too—the duty of going always like a piece of the finest music, with chains and shafts and buckles and hard leather to be harmonized, and the load which men are not born to drag, until they make it for themselves—Dobbin felt the difference, but he never grumbled as men do.

He made the best of the situation; and it was a hard one. The hill was strong against the collar; and, by reason of the snow, zigzag and the corkscrew tactics could not be resorted to. At all of these he was a dab, by dint of steep experience; but now the long hill must be breasted, and both shoulders set to it. The ruts were as slippery as glass, and did not altogether fit the wheels he had behind him; and in spite of the spikes which the blacksmith gave him the snow balled on his hairy feet. So he stopped, and shook himself, and panted with large resolutions; and Cripps from his capacious pockets fetched the two oak wedges, and pushed one under either wheel; while Esther, who was coming home at last, jumped from her seat to help the load, and patted his kind nose, and said a word or two to cheer him.

"The best harse as ever looked through a bridle," Zachary declared across his mane; "but he must be hoomered with his own way now, same as the rest on us when us grows old. Etty, my dear, no call for you to come down and catch chilblains."

"Zac, I am going to push behind. I am not big enough to do much good. But I would rather be alongside of you through this here bend of the road, I would."

For now the dusk was gathering in, as they toiled up the lonesome and snowy road, where it overhung the "gypsy's grave."

"This here bend be as good as any other," said Cripps, though himself afraid of it. "What ails you, girl? What hath ailed you ever since out of Oxford town you come? Is it a jail thou be coming home to? Oxford turns the head of thee."

"Now, Zac, you know better than that. I would liefer be at Beckley any day. But I have been that frightened since I passed this road on Tuesday night that scarce a morsel could I eat or drink, and never sleep for dreaming."

"Frightened, child! Lord bless my heart, you make me creep by talking so. There, wait till we be in our own lane—can't spare the time now to speak of it."

"Oh, but Zac, if you please, you must. I have had it on my mind so long. And I kept it for you till we got to the place, that you might go and see to it."

"Etty, now this is childish stuff; no time to hearken to any such tell-up. Enough to do, the Lord knows there be, without no foolish stories."

"It is not a foolish story, Zac. It is what I saw with my own eyes. We are close to the place; it was in a dark hollow, just below the road on here. I will show you; and then I will stand by the cart while you go and seek into it."

"I wun't leave the haigh-road for any one, I tell 'ee. All these goods is committed to my charge, and my dooty is to stick to them. A likely thing as I'd leave the cart to be robbed in that there sort of way. Ah, ha! they'd soon find out, I reckon, what Zachary Cripps is made of."

"Ah, we all know how brave you are, dear Zac. And perhaps you wouldn't like to leave me, brother?"

"No, no; of course not. How could I do it? All by yourself, and the weather getting dark. Hup! hup! Dobbin, there. Best foot foremost kills the hill."

But Esther was even more strongly set to tell the story and relieve her mind than Zachary was to relieve his mind by turning a deaf ear to all of it. Nevertheless, she might have failed, if it had not been for a lucky chance. Dobbin, after a very fine rush and spirited bodily tug at the shafts, was suddenly forced to pull up and pant, and spread his legs, to keep where he was, until his wind should come back again. And he stopped with the off wheel of the cart within a few yards of the gap in the hedge, where Esther began her search that night. She knew the place at a glance, although in the snow it looked so different; and she ran to the gap, and peeped as if she expected to see it all again.

In all the beauty of fair earth, few things are more beautiful than snow on clustering ivy leaves. Wednesday's fall had been shaken off; for even in the coldest weather jealous winds and evaporation soon clear foliage of snow. But a little powdery shed of flakes had come at noon that very day, like the flitting of a fairy, and every delicate star shone crisply in its cupped or pillowed rest. The girl was afraid to shake a leaf, because she had her best bonnet on; therefore she drew back, and called the reluctant Zachary to gaze.

"Nort but a sight of snow," said he; "it hath almost filled old quarry up. Harse have rested, and so have we. Sha'n't be home by candle-light. Wugg then, Dobbin. Wugg then, wilt 'a?"

"Stop, brother, stop! Don't be in such a hurry. Something I must tell you now that I have been feared to tell any body else. It was so dreadfully terrible. Do you see any thing in the snow down there?"

"As I am a sinner, there be something moving. Jump up into the cart, girl. I shall never get round with my things to-night."

"There is something there, Zac, that will never move again. There is the dead body of a woman there."

"No romantics! No romantics!" the carrier answered, as he turned away; but his cheeks, be-

neath a week's growth of beard, turned as white as the snow in the buckthorn. No living man might scare him; but a woman, and a dead one—

"Come, Zac," cried Esther, having seen much worse than she was likely now to see; "you can not be afraid of 'romantics,' Zac. Come here, and I will show thee."

Driven by shame and curiosity, the valiant Cripps came back to her, and even allowed himself to be led a little way through the gap into the deep untrodden and drifted snow. She took him as far as a corner whence the nook of the quarry was visible; and there with trembling fingers pointed to a vast billow of pure white, piled by the driving east wind over the grave, as she thought, of the murdered one.

"Enough," he said, having heard her tale, and becoming at once a man again in the face of something real; "my dear, what a fright thou must have had! How couldst thou have kept it all this time? I would not tell thee our news at home, for fear of tarrifying thee in the cold. Hath no one to Oxford told thee?"

"Told me what? Oh, Zac, dear Zac, I am so frightened I can hardly stand."

"Then run, girl, run. We must go home, fast as ever we can, for constable."

He took her to the cart, and reckless of Dobbin's indignation, lashed him up the hill, and made him trot the whole length of Beckley lane, then threw a sack over his loins, and left his Christmas parcels in the frost and snow, while he hurried to Squire Oglander.

CHAPTER VIII.

BALDERDASH.

Worth Oglander sat in his old oak chair, weary and very low of heart, but not altogether broken down. He had not been in bed since last Tuesday night, and had slept, if at all, in the saddle, or on the roof of the Henley and Maidenhead coach. For miles he had scoured the country round, until his three horses quite broke down, with the weather so much against them; and all the bran to be got in the villages was made away with in mashes. One of these horses got "the pipes," and had to be tickled before he could eat. The Squire cared not a button for this. The most particular of mankind concerning what is grossly and contemptuously (if not carnivorously) spoken of as "horseflesh" forgets his tender feelings toward the noblest of all animals when his own flesh and blood come into competition with them. But ride and lash and spur as he might, the old Squire made no discovery.

His daughter, his only child, in whom all the rest of his old life lived and loved, was gone and lost, not even leaving knowledge of where she lay, or surety of a better meeting. His faith in God was true and firm; for on the whole he was a pious man, although no great professor; and if it had pleased the Lord to take his only joy from his old age, he could have tried to bear it.

But thus to lose her, without good-by, without even knowing how the loss befell, and with the deep misery of doubting what she might herself have done—only a chilly stoic or a remarkably warm Christian could have borne it with resignation. The Squire was neither of these; but only a simple, kind, and loving-hearted gentleman; with many faults, and among them a habit of expecting the Lord to favor him perpetually. And of this he could not quit himself in the deepest tribulation, but still expected all things to be tempered to his happiness, according to his own ideas of what happiness should be. The clergyman of the parish, a good and zealous man, had called upon him, and with many words had proved how thankful he was bound to be for this kindly ordered chastisement. The Squire, however, could not see it. He listened with his old politeness, but a sad and weary face, and quietly said that the words were good, but he could not enter into them. Hereat the parson withdrew, to wait for a softer and wiser season.

And now, in the dusk of this cold dark day, Squire Oglander sat gazing from the window of his dining-room, with his head fallen back, and his white chin up, and hard-worn hands clasped languidly. His heavy eyes dwelt on the dreary snow that buried his daughter's handiwork—the dwarf plants not to be traced, and the tall ones only as soft hillocks, like the tufts in a great white counterpane. And more and more, as the twilight deepened, and the curves of white grew dim, he kept repeating below his voice, "Her winding-sheet, her winding-sheet; and her pretty eyes wide open, perhaps!"

"Now, Sir, if you please, you must—you must," cried Mary Hookham, his best maid, trotting in with her thumbs turned back from a right hot dish, and her lips up as if she were longing to kiss him, to let out her feelings. "Here be a duster, by way of a cloth, not to scorch the table, against Miss Grace comes home again. Sir, if you please, you must ate a bit. Not a bit have you aten sin' Toosday, and it is enough to kill a carrier's horse. 'Take on,' as my mother have often said; 'take on, as you must if your heart is right, when the hand of the Lord is upon you; but never take off with your victuals.' And a hearty good woman my mother is, and have seen much tribulation. You never would repent, Sir, of hearkening to me, and of trying of her till such time as poor Miss Grace comes back. And not a penny would she charge you."

"Let her come, if she will," he answered, without thinking twice about it; for he paid no heed to household matters in his present trouble. "Let her come, if you wish it, Mary. At any rate, she can do no harm."

"She will do a sort of good, Sir. But now do try to ate a bit. My mother will make you, if you have her, Sir."

The old man did his best to eat; for he knew that he must keep his strength up to abide the end of it. And Mary, without asking leave, lit four good candles and drew the curtains and made the fire cheerful. "All of us has our troubles," said Mary; "but these here pickles is wonderful."

"You are a good girl," answered the Squire; "and you deserve a good husband. Now, if either the man from Oxford or young Mr. Overshute should come, show him in directly; but I can see no other person. No more, thank you. Take all away, Mary."

"Oh my! what a precious little bit you've had! But as sure as my name is Mary Hookham, you shall have three glasses of port, Sir. You don't keep no butler, because you knows better; and no housekeeper, because you don't know mother. Likewise, Miss Grace is so clever— But there, now, if she stay long for her honey-moon, a housekeeper you must have, Sir."

The master was tempted to ask what she meant, but he scarcely thought it worth while, perhaps. By pressure of advice from all the womankind within his doors (whenever they could get hold of him) he had been sped on many bootless errands, as was natural. For, without any ground except that of their hearts, all the gentler bosoms of the place were filled with large belief that this was only a lovely love affair.

Russel Overshute, the heir of the Overshutes of Shotover, was a young man who could speak for himself, and did it sometimes too strongly. He had long been taken prisoner by the sweet spell of Grace Oglander; and being of a bold and fearless order, he had so avowed himself. But her father had always been against him—not from personal dislike, but simply because he could not bear his "wild political sentiments." Worth Oglander was as stanch an old Tory as ever stood in buckram, although in social and domestic matters perhaps almost too gentle. Radical and rascal were upon his tongue the self-same word; and he passed the salt with the back of his hand to even a mild Reformer.

And now, as he drank his glass of port, by dint of Mary's management, and did his best to think about it, as he always used to do, the door of the room was thrown open strongly, and in strode Russel Overshute.

"Will you kindly leave the room?" he said to the sedulous Mary. "I wish to say a few words to the Squire of a private nature."

This young gentleman was a favorite with maid-servants every where, because he always spoke to them "just the same as if they was ladies." Every house-maid now demands this, in our advanced intelligence, and doubtless she is right; but forty years ago it was otherwise, and "Polly, my dear," and a chuck of the chin, were not as yet vile antiquity. Mary made a bob of the order still taught at the village school, and set a glass for the gentleman, and simpered and departed.

"Shake hands with me, Squire," said Overshute, as Mr. Oglander arose, with cold dignity, and bowed to him. "You have sent for me; I rode over at once the moment that I heard of it. I returned from London this afternoon, having been there for a fortnight. When I heard the news, I was thunderstruck. What can I do to help you?"

"I will not shake hands with you," answered the Squire, "until you have solemnly pledged your honor that you know nothing of this—of this— There, I have no word for it!" Mr. Oglander trembled, though his eyes were stern. His last hope of his daughter's life lay in the young man before him; and bitterly as he would have felt the treachery of his only child, and deeply as he despised himself for harboring such a suspicion, yet even that disgrace and blow would be better than the alternative, the only alternative—her death.

"I should have thought it quite needless," young Overshute answered, with some disdain, until he observed the father's face, so broken down with misery: "from any one but you, Sir, it would have been an insult. If you do not know the Overshutes, you ought to know your own daughter."

"But against her will—against her will. Say that you took her against her will. You have been from home. For what else was it? Tell me the truth, Russel Overshute—only the truth, and I will forgive you."

"You have nothing to forgive, Sir. Upon the word of an Englishman, I hadn't even heard of it."

The old man watched his clear keen eyes, with deep tears gathering in his own. Then Russel took his hand, and led him tenderly to his hard oak chair.

For a minute or two not a word was said, the young man doubting what to say, and the old one really not caring whether he ever spoke again. At last he looked up and spread both hands, as if he groped forth from a heavy dream; and the rheumatism from so much night-work caught him in both shoulder-blades.

"What is it?—what is it?" he cried. "I have lived a long time in this wicked world, and I have not found it painful."

"My dear Sir," his visitor answered, pitying him sincerely, and hiding (like a man) his own deep heart-burn of anxiety, "may I say, without your being in the least degree offended, what I fancy—or at least, I mean, a thing that has occurred to me? You will take it for its worth. Most likely you will laugh at it; but taking my chance of that, may I say it? Will you promise not to be angry?"

"I wish I could be angry, Russel. What have I to be angry for?"

"A terrible wrong, if I am right, but not a purely hopeless one. I have not had time to think it out, because I have been hurried so. But, right or wrong, what I think is this—the whole is a foul scheme of Luke Sharp's."

"Luke Sharp! My own solicitor! The most respectable man in Oxford! Overshute, you have made me hope, and then you dash me with balderdash!"

"Well, Sir, I have no evidence at all; but I go by something I heard in London, which supplies the strongest motive; and I know, from my own family affairs, what Luke Sharp will do when he has strong motive. I beg you to keep my guess quite secret—not that I fear a score of such fellows, but that he would be ten times craftier if he thought we suspected him, and he is crafty enough without that, as his principal client, the Devil, knows."

"I will not speak of it," the Squire answered: "such a crotchet is not worth speaking of, and it might get you into great trouble. With one thing and another now I am so knocked about that I can not put two and two together. But one thing really comforts me."

"My dear Sir, I am so glad! What is it?"

"That a man of your old family, Russel, and at the same time of such new ways, is still enabled by the grace of God to retain his faith in the Devil."

"While Luke Sharp lives I can not lose it," he answered, with a bitter smile. "That man is too deep and consummate a villain to be uninspired. But now, Sir, we have no time to lose. You tell me what you have done, and then I will tell you what I have been thinking of, unless you are too exhausted."

For the old man, in spite of fierce anxiety, long suspense, and keen excitement, began to be so overpowered with downright bodily weariness that now he could scarcely keep his head from nodding and his eyes from closing. The hope which had roused him when Overshute entered was gone, and despair took place of it; tired body and sad mind had but a very low heart to work them. Russel, with a strong man's pity, and the love which must arise between one man and another whenever small vanity vanishes, watched the creeping shades of slumber soften the lines of the harrowed face. As evening steals along a hill-side where the sun has tyrannized, and spreads the withering and the wearying of the day with gentleness, and brings relief to rugged points and breadth of calm to every thing, so the Squire's fine old face relaxed in slumber's halo, and tranquil ease began to settle on each yielding lineament, when open flew the door of the room, and Mary, at the top of her voice, exclaimed,

"Plaize, Sir, Maister Cripps be here."

CHAPTER IX.

CRIPPS IN AFFLICTION.

"Confound that Cripps!" young Overshute cried, with irritation getting the better of his larger elements, while the Squire slowly awoke and stared, and rubbed his gray eyelashes, and said that he really was almost falling off, and he ought to be quite ashamed of himself. Then he begged his visitor's pardon for bad manners, and asked what the matter was. "Sir, it is only that fool Cripps," said the young man, still in vexation, and signing to Mary to go and to shut the door. "Some trumpery parcel, of course. They might have let you rest for a minute or two."

"No, Sir, no; if you plaize, Sir, no!" cried Mary, advancing with her hands up; "Maister Cripps have seen something terrible, and he hath come straight to his Worship. He be that out of breath that he was aforced to lay hold of me before he could stand a'most! He must have met them sheep-stealers."

"Sheep-stealing again!" said Mr. Oglander, who was an active magistrate. "Well, let him come in. I have troubles of my own, but I must attend to my duty."

"Let me attend to it," interposed the other, being also one of the "great unpaid." "You must not be pestered with such things now. Try to get some little rest, while I attend to this Cripps affair."

"I am much obliged to you," answered the Squire, rising, and looking wide awake; "but I will hear what he has to say myself. Of course I shall be too glad of your aid, if you are not in a hurry."

Mr. Overshute knew that this fine old Justice, although so good in the main, was not entirely free from foibles, of which there was none more conspicuous than a keen and resolute jealousy, if any brother magistrate dared to meddle with Beckley matters. Therefore Russel for the time withdrew, but promised to return in half an hour, not only for the sake of consulting with the Squire, but also because he suspected that Cripps might be come on an errand different from what Mary had imagined.

Meanwhile the carrier could hardly be kept from bursting in head-foremost. Betty, the cook, laid hold of him in the passage, while he was short of breath; but he pushed at even her, although he ought to have known better manners. Betty was also in a state of mind at having cooked no dinner worth speaking of since Wednesday; and Cripps, if his wits had been about him, must have yielded space, and bowed. Betty, however, was nearly as wide and a great deal thicker than he was; and she spread forth two great arms that might have stopped even Dobbin with a load down hill.

At last the signal was passed that Cripps might now come on and tell his tale, and he felt as if he should have served them right by refusing to say any thing. But when he saw the Squire's jovial face drawn thin with misery, and his sturdy form unlike itself, and the soft puzzled manner in lieu of the old distinct demand to know every thing, Zachary Cripps came forward gently, and thought of what he had to tell with fear.

"What is it, my good fellow?" asked the Squire, perceiving his hesitation. "Nothing amiss with your household, I sincerely hope, my friend? You are a fortunate man in one thing—you have had no children yet."

"Ay, ay; your Worship is right enough there. The Lord lends they, and He takes them away. And the taking be worse than the giving was good."

"Now, Master Cripps, we must not talk so. All is meant for the best, I doubt."

"Her may be; her may be," Cripps replied. "The Lord is the one to pronounce upon that, knowing His own maning best. But He do give very hard measure some time to them as have never desarved it. Now there be your poor Miss Grace, for instance. As nice a young lady as ever lived; the purtiest ever come out of a bed; that humble, too, and gracious always, that 'Cripps,' she would say—nay, 'Master Cripps:' she always give me my proper title, even on a dirty linen day—'Master Cripps,' her always said, 'let me mark it off, in your hat, for you'—no matter whether it was my best hat, or the one with the grease come through—'Master Cripps,' she always say, 'let me mark it out for you.'"

"Very well, Cripps. I know all that. It is nothing to what my Grace was. And I hope, with God's blessing, she will do it again. But what is it you are so full of, Cripps?"

The carrier felt in the crown of his hat, and then inside the lining, as if he had something entered there to help him in this predicament. And then he turned away to wipe—as if the weather was very wet—the drops of the hedge from the daze of his eyes; and after that he could not help himself, but out with every thing.

"I knows where Miss Gracie be," he began, with a little defiance, as if, after all, it was nothing to him, but a thing that he might have a bet about. "I knows where our Miss Gracie lies—dead and cold—dead and cold—without no coffin, nor a winding-sheet—the purty cratur, the purty crature! There, what a fool I be, good Lord!"

Master Cripps, at the picture himself had drawn, was taken with a short fit of sobs, and turned away, partly to hunt for his "kercher," and partly to shun the poor Squire's eyes. Mr. Oglander slowly laid down the pen which he had taken for notes of a case, and standing as firm as his own great oak-tree (famous in that neighborhood), gave no sign of the shock, except in the color of his face and the brightness of his gaze.

"Go on, Cripps, as soon as you can," he said, in a calm and gentle voice. "Try not to keep me waiting, Cripps."

"I be trying; I be trying all I knows. The blessed angel be dead and buried, close to Tickuss's tatie crop, in the corner of bramble quarry. At least, I mean Tickuss's taties was there, but he dug them a fortnight, come Monday, he did."

"The corner of the 'gypsy's grave,' as they call it. Who found it? How do you know it?"

"Esther was there. She seed the whole of it. Before the snow come—last Tuesday night."

"Tuesday night! Ah, Tuesday night!"—for the moment the old man had lost his clearness. "It can't have been Tuesday night—it was Wednesday when I rode down to my sister's. Cripps, your sister must have dreamed it. My darling was then at her aunt's, quite safe. You have frightened me for nothing, Cripps."

"I am glad with all my heart," cried Zachary; "I am quite sure it were Tuesday night, because of Mrs. Exie. And your Worship knows best of the days, no doubt. Thank the Lord for all His mercies! Well, seeing now it were somebody else, in no ways particular, and perhaps one of them gypsy girls as took the fever to Cowley, if your Worship will take your pen again I will tell you all as Esther see'd. Two men with a pickaxe working where the stone overhangeth so, and the corpse of a nice young woman laid for the stone to bury it natural. No harm at all in the world, when you come to think, being naught of a Christian body. And they let go the rock, and it come down over, to save all infection. Lord, what a turn that Etty give me, all about a trifle!" The carrier wiped his forehead and smiled. "And won't I give it well to her?"

"Poor girl! It is no trifle, Cripps, whoever it may have been. But stop—I am all abroad. It was Tuesday afternoon when my poor darling left Mrs. Fermitage. And to the quarry, across the fields, from the way she would come, is not half a mile—half a mile of fields and hedge-rows—Oh, Cripps, it was my daughter!"

"Her maight 'a been, sure enough," said Cripps, in whom the reflective vein, for the moment, had crossed the sentimental—"sure enough, her maight 'a been. A pasture meadow, and a field of rape, and Gibbs's turnips, and then a fallow, and then into Tickuss's taties—half an hour maight 'a done the carrying—and consarning of the rest—your Worship, now when did she leave the lady? Can you count the time of it?"

"Zachary, now the will of the Lord be done, without calculation! My grave is all I care to count on, if my Grace lies buried so. But before I go to it, please God, I will find out who has done it."

CHAPTER X.

ALL DEAD AGAINST HIM.

"Now, do 'ee put on a muffler, Sir," cried Mary, running out with her arms full, as Mr. Oglander set forth in the bitter air, without overcoat, but ready to meet every thing. At the door was his old Whitechapel cart, with a fresh young colt between the shafts, pawing the snow and snorting, the only one of his little stud not lamed by rugged traveling. The floor of the cart was jingling with iron tools, as the young horse shook himself, and the Squire's groom and two gardeners were ready to jump in when called for. They stamped a little, and flapped their bodies, as if they would like a cordial; but their master was too busy with his own heart to notice them.

"If we be goin' to dig some hours in such weather as this be," Mr. Kale managed to whisper, "best way put in a good brandy flask, Mary, my dear, with Master's leave. Poor soul, a' can't heed every thing."

"Go along!" answered Mary; "you have had enough. Shamed I be of you, to think of such things, and to look at that poor Hangel!"

"So plaize your Worship, let me drive," said

Cripps, who was going to sit in front. "A young harse, and you at your time of life, and all this trouble over you!"

"Give me the reins, my friend," cried his Worship; and Cripps, in some dread for his neck, obeyed. The men jumped in, and the young horse started at a rather dangerous pace. Many a time had Miss Grace fed him, and he used to follow her like a lamb.

"He will take us safe enough," said the Squire; "he seems to know what he is going for."

Not another word was spoken until they came to the gap at the verge of the quarry, where the frosty moon shone through it. "Tie him here," said the master, shortly, as the groom produced his ring-rope, "and throw the big cloth over him. Now all of you come; and Cripps go first."

Scared as they were, they could not in shame decline the old man's orders; and the sturdy Cripps, with a spade on his shoulders, led through the drifted thicket. Behind him plodded the Squire, with an unlit lantern in one hand and a stout oak staff in the other, the moonlight glistening in his long white hair, and sparkling frost in his hoary beard. The snow before them showed no print larger than the pad of an old dog-fox pursuing the spluttering track of a pheasant's spurs; and it crunched beneath their boots with the crusty impact of crisp severance. All around was white and waste with depth of unknown loneliness; and Master Cripps said, for the rest of his life, that he could not tell what he was about, to do it.

After many flounderings in and out of hollow places, they came to the corner of the quarry dingle, and found it entirely choked with snow. The driving of the northeast wind had gathered as into a funnel there, and had stacked the snow of many acres in a hollow of less than half a rood. The men stopped short where the gaunt brown fern, and then the furze, and then the hazels, in rising tier waded out of sight; and behind them even some ash saplings scarcely had a knuckled joint to lift from out their burial. Over the whole the cold moon shone, and made the depth look deeper. The men stopped short and looked at their shovels and looked at one another. They may not have been very bright of mind or accustomed to hurried conclusions; and doubtless they were, as true Englishmen are, of a tough, unelastic fibre. All powers of evil were banded against them, and they saw no turn to take; still it was not their own wish to go back without having struck a blow for it.

"You can do nothing," said the Squire, with perhaps the first bitter feeling he had yet displayed. "All things are dead against me; I must grin, as you say, and bear it. It would take a whole corps of sappers and miners a week to clear this place out. We can not even be sure of the spot; we can not tell where the corner is, all is smothered up so. Ill luck always rides ill luck. This proves beyond doubt that my child lies here."

The men were good men, as men go, and they all felt love and pity for the lost young lady and the poor old master. Still their fingers were so blue, and their frozen feet so hard to feel, and the deep white gulf before them surged so palpably invincible, that they could not repine at a dispensation which sent them home to their suppers.

"Nort to be done till change of weather," said Cripps, as they sat in the cart again; "I reckon they villains knew what was coming, better nor I, who have kept the road, man and boy, for thirty year. The Lord knoweth best, as He always do. But to my mind He maneth to kape on snowing and freezing for a month at laste. Moon have changed last night, I b'lieve; and a bitter moon we shall have of it."

And so they did; the bitterest moon, save one, of the present century. And old men said that there had not been such a winter and such a sight of snow since the one which the Lord had sent on purpose to discomfit Bony.

Mr. Oglander, in his lonely home, strove bravely to make the best of it. He had none of that grand religious consolation which some people have (especially for others), and he grounded his happiness, perhaps, too much upon his own old hearth-stone. His mind was not an extraordinary one, and his soul was too old-fashioned to demand periods of purging.

Moreover, his sister Joan came up—a truly pious and devoted woman, the widow of an Oxford wine-merchant. Mrs. Fermitage loved her niece so deeply that she had no patience with any selfish pinings after her. "She is gone to the better land," she said, "the shores of bliss unspeakable—unless Russel Overshute knows about her a great deal more than he will tell. I have far less confidence in that young man since he took to wear India rubber. But to wish her back is a very sinful and unchristian act, I fear."

"Now, Joan, you know that you wish her back every time that you sit down, or get up, or go to tea without her."

"Yes, I know, I know I do. And most of all when I pour it out—she used to do it for me. But, Worth, you can wrestle more than I can. The Lord expects so much more of a man."

Being exhorted thus, the Squire did his best to wrestle. Not that any words of hers could carry now their former weight; for if he had no daughter left, what good was money left to her? The Squire did not want his sister's money for himself at all. Indeed, he would rather be without it. Dirty money, won by trade—but still it had been his duty always to try to get it for his daughter. And this is worth a word or two.

At the Oxford bank and among the lawyers and the leading tradesmen it had been a well-known thing that old Fermitage had not died with less than £150,000 behind him. Even in Oxford there never had been a man so illustrious for port-wine. "Fortiter occupa portum" was the motto over the door to his vaults, and he fortified port impregnably. Therefore he supplied all the common-room cellars, which can not have too much Geropiga; and among the under-graduates his name was surety for another glass. And there really was a port-wine basis; so that nobody died of him.

All these things are beside the mark. Mr. Fermitage, however, went on and hit his mark continually; and his mark was that bull's-eye of this golden age, a yellow imprint of a dragon. So many of these came pouring in that he kept them in bottles without any "kicks," sealed, and left to mature and acquire "the genuine bottle flavor." When he had bottled half a pipe of these, and was thinking of beginning now to store them in the wood, a man coming down with a tap found him dead—and was too much scared to steal any thing.

This man reproached himself ever afterward for his irresolute conscience, and the two executors gave him nothing but blame for his behavior. People in Holiwell said that these two took a dozen of bottles of guineas between them, to drink their testator's health; but Holiwell never has been famous for the holy things lying at the bottom of the well. Enough that he was dead, and every man seeing his funeral, praised him.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

TULIPS.

"OF all the flowers, which shall it be?"
Said Kitty, wandering by my side.
"Behold! of all my garden's pride
I'd choose a flower to give to thee."

I answered little Kitty then:
"Your blossoms are for children sweet;
The flowers that grow about our feet,
They wither in the hands of men.

"The Rose I love is on your cheek;
The Lily on your forehead lies;
Oh, tell me, child with loving eyes,
The flowers are mine that I would seek."

The little head is drooping low
To hide a soft and rosy flush;
And seeing there the crimson blush,
More ardent still my wishes grow.

"One other flower may I possess?
Sweet, Tulips yield a deeper bliss."
When, softly fluttering 'neath a kiss,
Their rosy trembling whispers "Yes."

AN ULTRAMONTANE CONGRESS.

THE ultramontane element in the present House of Representatives will deserve a careful observation. For the first time in our history the papal power has openly claimed the obedience of the Democratic party, and shown to the world that determination to rule in our national politics which it has always entertained and ever carefully concealed. In every part of the Union the conspiracy of the Democratic leaders and the papal priests has at last disclosed itself. Roman Catholic editors direct their people how to vote, and papal prelates demand the destruction of the public schools. Bishops GILMOUR, ST. PALAIS, RYAN, and M'QUAID indulge their zeal in passionate assaults upon American education. Papal priests in all our cities cry out against the bitter persecutions they endure from American laws, and in all the recent elections the papal faction has no longer feared to demand the repeal of our well-established legislation. In Ohio the Roman Catholic papers commanded their people to vote for the Democracy, and the Democracy was defeated. Yet Senator THURMAN lent all his influence to the ultramontanes, to whom he owes his office. The Ohio delegation in Congress was chiefly elected by the papal vote, and the action of its Democratic members must be wholly controlled by Bishop PURCELL and the *Catholic Telegraph;* for, without their support, what Democratic Congressman could be returned from Ohio? So deeply are the Democratic leaders implicated in the papal conspiracy in that State that they have no resource but in obedience, and Messrs. THURMAN, ALLEN, and their associates have become the humble instruments of the Jesuits, and the apologists for the aggressions of Rome.

Still more remarkable is the strength of this alliance in the city and State of New York, and our Congressional delegation must be looked upon as representatives not of American sentiment, but of such hopes and projects as our foreign priests may choose to entertain. Some active Republicans are anxious to hide from themselves and from others the curious disappearance of patriotic feeling in the metropolis of the republic. Some amiable men refuse to believe that a real popish plot exists among us. They are unwilling to admit their danger, or to see that foreign ignorance and superstition are steadily sapping the strength and purity of the nation. This is the perpetual popish plot which has disclosed itself so fatally here. It is this kind of influence that has made New York the monstrous example of public robbery and political degradation. And of this corruption and moral decay our Congressional delegation has for many years been a startling example. It is quite certain that no American constituency would ever have chosen for their Representatives the chiefs of our city Democracy, or the kind of men who have so long ruled in Tammany Hall or talked treason and rebellion in Congress, who helped TWEED until he fell, and then strove to profit by his misfortunes, who have been the poor agents of the papal faction, and who would have destroyed the country at the command of the foreign Church. The Irish Catholics who swarm to the polls to elect their Democratic officials have done so, no doubt often ignorantly, at the command of their priests; but it is this ignorance which has nearly proved our ruin, and in this subservience we must see our future danger. No argument, no patriotic appeal, no instinct of self-interest, seems to rouse the better impulses of this large class of our voters in any of our cities. The "Catholic vote" produces only a mass of political decay. Our Congressional delegation must fill every citizen of New York with a natural impulse of shame. "Where," they must be asked in the national council—"where are the great sums which you and your allies have aided to waste and squander for the city of New York? How much of the spoils of Tammany Hall have gone to make up your exorbitant gains? What great rents have you extorted from your trembling colleagues? What from TWEED and SWEENY and GENET? Why did you foster rebellion? Why did you labor to destroy the Union?" If such questions are asked in Congress of our Democratic Representatives, what have they to reply?

"True," they may say, "in 1861 we defended the slave-holders, and helped to c eate and prolong the war, covered the nation with debt, filled the land with horror, destroyed your commerce, calumniated LINCOLN, assailed GRANT, and obeyed the commands of our papal guides. It is true that in 1865 we hoped to deliver Richmond and snatch the Confederacy from ruin, that in 1868 we were repudiators leagued with the worst murderers of the South, and anxious to bring bankruptcy and ruin to the nation. It is true that in 1872, at the command of the papal priests, we stimulated a new rebellion in Louisiana, and obeyed the *Catholic Telegraph* and the Jesuitical journals. We admit that we have shared in all the politics of Tammany Hall, have felt the liberality of SWEENY and the fond intimacy of TWEED. We have helped to bring an enormous debt upon the city of New York, and a frightful outlay of $36,000,000 annually. Our Roman Catholic friends have plundered Brooklyn even still more freely; and the little city of Yonkers, under a similar process, has become the most deeply involved of all its fellows. We aided in robbing the Sinking Fund at Albany of a vast sum. We rifled the canal treasury. We elected TWEED, WICKHAM, and TILDEN. We owe our official stations to the papal priests. But these are 'past issues;' now we are reformers; and we hope to win the reputation of honesty by starving Union soldiers, by diminishing the salaries of poor Union clerks and patriotic officials, and by raising our own." TWEED has escaped; our Congressional deputation and their papal masters probably feel less ill at ease.

Missouri is another centre of the Roman Catholic Democracy and of notorious corruption. It is here that the Confederates and the ultramontanes have formed the closest alliance and have established the most rigid control. No one, it is stated, can obtain office in St. Louis except by the papal vote; and the new constitution has placed public instruction at the mercy of the priests. In Maryland the papal faction has just succeeded in a vigorous contest. The Baltimore Ring, covered with peculation, has elected its Roman Catholic Governor; and Maryland Congressmen will owe their offices to the favor of the public thieves and of the papal priests. The elections of Connecticut, we are told, were decided by the vote of the Irish Catholics of Hartford and New Haven, and but for the papal influence no Democrat would be found in its delegation. In all the Free States the ultramontanes won in 1874 signal victories, and the remarkable fact is before us that in 1876 a majority of the Congress of the United States will be made up of the representatives of papal constituencies and of men who owe their election to the favor of Rome. The reactionists control one branch of Congress; and the hopes of all who hate freedom are roused to an extraordinary excitement. They fancy that Messrs. WOOD, COX, HENDRICKS, and THURMAN, and the close ranks of Confederates and ultramontanes, will be able to do some fatal injury to the republic, and close its Centennial year in a lasting gloom. The London *Standard*, the chief of the Tory journals in England, shows an unusual interest in our politics. It is the enthusiastic friend of the Democratic leaders; it laments over the fallen South; it has no pity for the tax-payers of New York; it explains the recent Democratic defeats (November 20) as presages of future victories; it holds the Republican to be "the essentially dishonest party;" and all the Tory press of England unite in stimulating our Democratic leaders to new efforts and in lavishing their coarsest epithets upon the Republican administration. On the Continent the ultramontane papers are all of the same opinion. They join with the *Catholic Telegraph* and the *Catholic World* in covering Republicanism with odious calumnies, and all the enemies of freedom and of knowledge on both sides of the Atlantic celebrate the union of ultramontanism and Democracy.

But they will be disappointed. The intelligence of the people is already awakened to the danger, and we have started up to find the grasp of the foreign priesthood fixed upon our system of education, and their emissaries plundering our public treasuries almost at will. Wherever the Democratic leaders have had the power, they have aimed at the ruin of the public schools. In Missouri, Alabama, Arkansas, Kentucky, New York, Connecticut, or Ohio education has received some fatal check from the prevalence of the papal Democracy; in no State or Territory of the Union is it not menaced with destruction. And the unprecedented robberies committed by Roman Catholic officials in New York and Brooklyn, the easy escape of the offenders, the complicity of the judges, the moral degradation of the Roman Catholic press, have taught the nation a lesson which it will never forget. State after State has in all the recent elections placed its severest condemnation upon the alliance of the Democrats and the Papal Church. New Jersey, Ohio, Massachusetts, Minnesota, Nebraska, California, New York, and Pennsylvania have resolved that in 1876 no foreign priest shall rule in American politics, and have led the way to a perfect union of the country in the cause of education and knowledge. In Europe the Pope may demand the suppression of popular education in Spain, or in France subject the teacher to the rigid control of the priest; in England the Tory press may patronize for its own ends our public robbers and fallen rebels; in Cincinnati the Jesuitical journals may threaten to brand every Protestant Democrat with an indelible stain; but we Americans in the second century of the nation mean to defend the principles of our fathers against foreign or domestic foes. We can suffer no ultramontane conspiracy against knowledge to rule among us again. We have devoted our second century already to the cultivation of the national mind, and the elections of 1876 will once more present us as a united nation, the enemy of foreign bigotry, and the victor over domestic treason.

EUGENE LAWRENCE.

HUMORS OF THE DAY.

AH SING and Ah Sin have been at law in San Francisco about the sale of a wife. The matter has been referred to Ah Bitration.

Little Bob begged hard the other day, when some friends were dining with us, to be allowed to come in and sit at the table during dessert, which I told him he might do, provided he neither talked nor annoyed people by asking for fruit. He very readily assented to this condition, which he honestly fulfilled to the letter. At last I heard the poor little fellow crying and sobbing most pitifully. "What is the matter, Bob?" I said; "what are you crying about?" "Why, pa," he replied, "here I am, asking for nothing, and getting it!"

A Scotchman asked an Irishman, "Why were half farthings coined in England?" Pat's answer was, "To give Scotchmen an opportunity of subscribing to charitable institutions."

"Pa, do storms ever make malt liquors?" "No, child; why do you ask?" "Because I heard ma tell Jane to bring in the clothes, for a storm was brewing."

Two literary ladies were lately witnesses in a trial. One of them, upon hearing the usual questions asked, "What is your name?" and "How old are you?" turned to her companion and said, "I do not like to tell my age; not that I have any objection to its being known, but I don't want it published in all the newspapers." "Well," said the witty Mrs. ——, "I will tell you how you can avoid it. You have heard the objection to all hearsay evidence: tell them you don't remember when you were born, and all you know of it is by hearsay." The *ruse* took, and the question was not pressed.

A gentleman, one evening, was seated near a lovely woman, when the company around him were proposing conundrums to each other. Turning to his companion, he said, "Why is a lady unlike a mirror?" She "gave it up." "Because," said the rude fellow, "a mirror reflects without speaking, but a lady speaks without reflecting." "And why are you unlike a mirror?" asked the lady. He could not tell. "Because a mirror is smooth and polished, and you are rough and unpolished." The gentleman owned there was one lady who did not speak without both reflecting and casting reflections.

THE LAST.—"What on earth am I to do with that incorrigible son of mine?" inquired an anxious father of a friend. "Dress him in a suit of shepherd's plaid," was the reply. "Why, what possible benefit would that be?" demanded the wondering parent. "It would, at least, be a way of keeping him in check."

REFORMING A SCOLD.—In the early period of the history of Methodism, some of Mr. Wesley's opponents, in the excess of their zeal against enthusiasm, took up a whole wagon-load of Methodists and carried them before a justice. When they were asked what these persons had done, there was an awkward silence; at last one of the accusers said, "Why, they pretend to be better than other people; and, besides, they prayed from morning to night." The magistrate asked if they had done any thing else. "Yes, Sir," said an old man, "an't please your worship, they convarted my wife. Till she went among them she had a tongue, and now she is as quiet as a lamb." "Carry them back, carry them back," said the magistrate, "and let them convert all the scolds in the town!"

"You must really exercise patience," said an old rat to a brother that had been caught in a trap: "no doubt it is painful; but squeaking will do you no good whatever, and it is very distressing to us to hear." "You are mighty compassionate," said the prisoner, trying to ease his leg. "Oh, I assure you I feel beyond all description for you," said the old rat; "I can enter into your sufferings most fully; but, you see, notwithstanding that I grieve so acutely, I can command myself and behave with moderation." "Very fine!" replied the captive; "I could do the same if I were sitting at my ease looking at you in this trap; but I doubt exceedingly if your philosophy would hold out if you were here instead of there."

SORR, av ye plase, whist now, while oi ax ye whin is the bist month to tell a lie in? Ye give it op, ye do? Arrah, now, if ye want the bist month for a lie, what ud it be but *Fib*-ruary?

An old lady looking at the curiosities in a museum came to a couple of large sea-dogs, and after gazing at them with wonder, inquired of a wag who stood near if they ever barked. "No, madam," replied he, "not now: their bark is on the sea."

An Irishman recently handed in to the telegraph office a dispatch intended to inform another Emeralder, employed upon the public works in a neighboring town, of the decease of a friend. It reads thus: "Barney, come home; I died last night."

SCOPE FOR A GOOD VOICE.—There was a French singer, with a tremendous voice, who could not discover what line in art he was best fitted for. He went to Cherubini, who told him to sing. He sang, and the foundations trembled. "Well, illustrious master," he said, when he had finished, "what shall I become?" "An auctioneer," was Cherubini's curt reply.

THE VICTIM OF A COLD.—We will introduce to the reader Mr. Jones, who will explain himself: "By dabe is Jodes—Daddle Jodes. I ab the bost biserable bad udder the sud. I ab eterdally catchig cold, so that I dever cad talk plaid. I tried every thig id the world to prevedt it; subber ad widter it is all the sabe. I breathe through by bouth frob Jaduary to Decebber, frob the begiddig to the edd of the year. I've tried every systeb of bedicid, but id vaid. All kides of teas, drops, ad old wibbed's dostrubs have beed tried; I've swallowed edough of theb to drowd be; but it's do use. Dothig udder heaved cad keep by feet warb; dothig keep be frob catchig cold." Jones went to serenade his lady-love, and sang after this fashion:

"Cub, oh, cub with be,
The bood is beabig;
Cub, oh, cub with be,
The stars are gleabig,
And all aroud, above,
With beauty teebig:
Boodlight hours are best for lub."

THE PRINCE OF WALES IN INDIA.

The festivities which attended the visit of the Prince of Wales to the city of Baroda were on a royal scale. At the station there was a gorgeous procession of elephants and native troops drawn up in honor of the Prince, who was received in person by the Guicowar and his Prime Minister and guardian, Sir MADHAVA RHAO. The correspondents of the English journals comment with wonder on the marvelous self-possession of the young Guicowar. This boy of some twelve years, who a few months ago was only a village lad in comparative poverty, bears himself with perfect composure and dignity, appears toward his inferiors every inch a king, as though he had sat on the "Gaddee" for half a century, while, as the correspondent of the London *Daily News* remarks, he fell naturally and with genuine gracefulness into a tone of perfect equality and frank boyish cordiality, well blended with dignity, in his intercourse with the Prince.

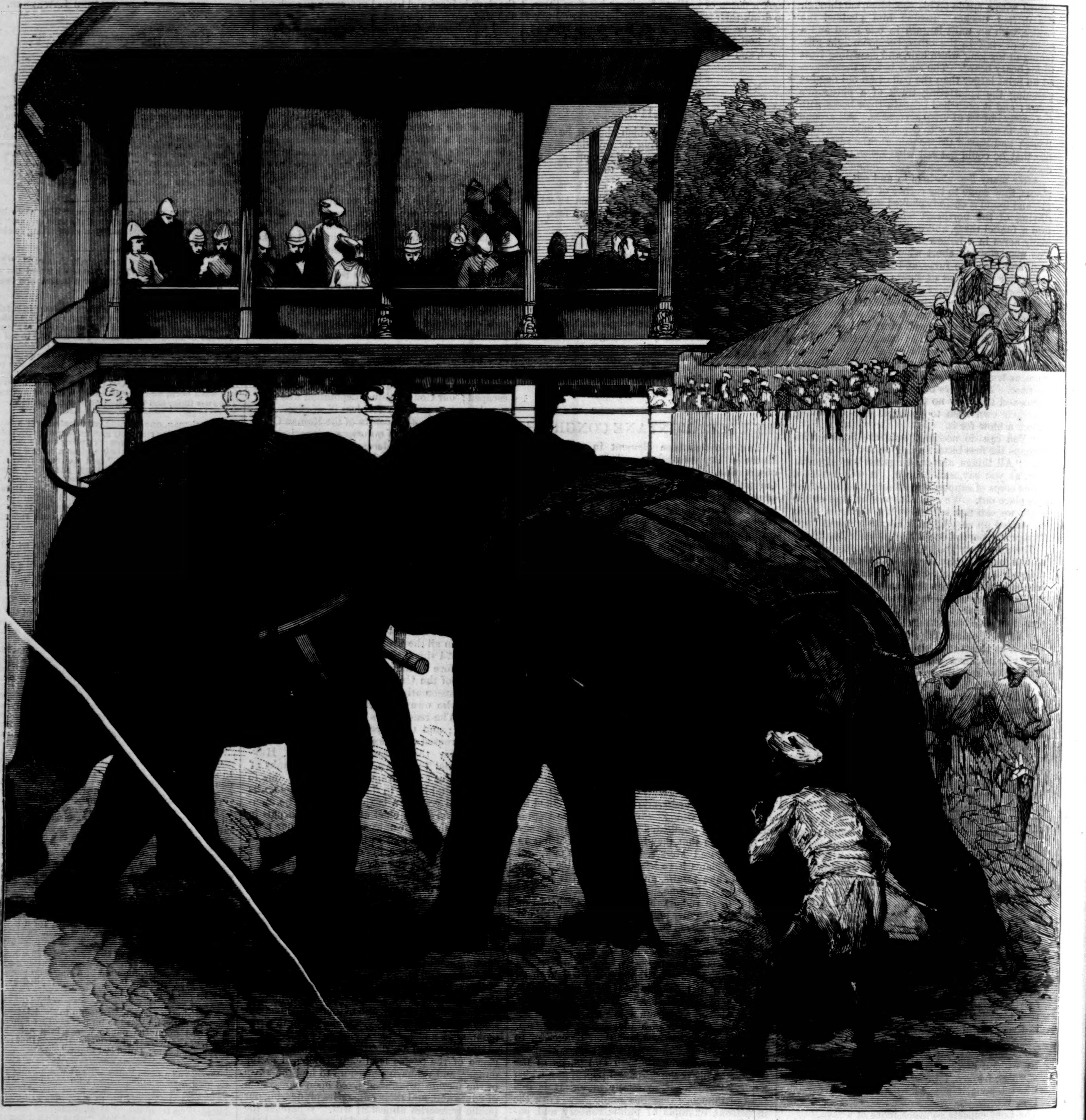
After returning and receiving the visit of the Guicowar, the Prince proceeded to the arena, where took place some of those animal combats for which Baroda is so renowned. Battles took place between elephants, rhinoceroses, buffaloes, rams, and human wrestlers. The arena is a spacious parallelogram, inclosed within high white-washed walls, pierced with arches, some of which lead to the stables of the menagerie, while others are mere manholes, where footmen can take refuge from the attacks of an infuriated animal. In the centre of the arena is a square masonry erection, and also a large banyan-tree surrounded by masonry in which steps are cut to form another place of safety.

On the walls of the arena platforms had been erected, which were densely covered with natives, while one corner is commanded by the palace of the Guicowar, where there are ranges of galleries whence the sports can be seen. Here the Prince and his host, together with the various members of the suits, took their seats, their arrival being greeted by the trumpeting of four-and-twenty state elephants, which had been drawn up in line under one of the walls. These huge animals had been rendered gorgeous by fantastic paintings on their fronts and trunks, by gold embossings on their tusks, and by the rich trappings with which their sides and backs were swathed; their ankles were decorated with gold bracelets, plates of gold, elaborately wrought, covered the howdahs, while the greatest care had been taken to keep the natural color of the skin out of sight. As no two were painted alike, or bore similar housings, the effect of this long line of splendid animals—for many were of the largest size—was striking indeed. Beyond the perpetual whisking and twirling of their trunks, they stood immovable under the orders of the mahouts, one of whom was mounted on the neck of each. Scattered about the arena were foot and horsemen, answering very much to the matadors and picadors of the Spanish bull ring, and whose duties were to instigate unwilling animals to the combat, and to separate them when the contest raged too fiercely.

After a wrestling bout the elephant fight began. Two elephants, bare except for small paddings upon their backs, had been chained to the wall at different ends of the arena, and had been rendered "must," or prepared for the conflict, by spiced food and drugs. One of the combatants was a huge animal, the other being smaller but much more energetic. Upon their chains being loosed, the elephants did not show much taste for the fight, so some footmen advanced with lances to stir them up. The larger one attempted to charge the footmen and get through one of the smaller openings, but only succeeded in bringing down a shower of bricks. Finding his attempt to escape ineffectual, he apparently accepted the combat, and the two elephants "closed" in a leisurely way, forehead against forehead, and tusk clashing against tusk, their trunks sometimes hanging down between their heads, and sometimes twisted above their heads. The tusks of each had been cut short, and left flat at the ends, so that no wounds could be inflicted. The Prince also had requested that the animals should in no case be permitted to hurt each other, as he only wished to see the manner in which these animals fight, and not the fight itself. The elephants, however, did not seem inclined to hurt each other very much, as they pushed and fenced, sometimes one gaining way and sometimes the other, but they never charged nor struck home. After a while the bigger elephant got tired of this fun, and turning his back to his antagonist, made slowly off. The smaller combatant resented this as an affront, and valiantly charged again and again his opponent's rear, ultimately plumping him against the wall. The larger animal now appeared to get out of temper and began to roar angrily, and had it not been for the Prince's request the fight would have begun in real earnest. Two footmen, however, advanced with lighted rockets and scared the smaller animal to the other end of the arena. Here his adversary pursued him, and an exciting struggle again seemed imminent; the footmen, however, again ran forward, and placed huge spiked pincers, resembling immense sugar nippers, round the hind-legs of each, so that the animals could not move without hurting themselves.

After a fine display of fire-works the animals were led out of the arena. The encounter was simply a sham fight, for neither did the animals show any serious inclination to injure each other, nor were they allowed to continue the contest the moment there was any display of temper. To the elephant fight succeeded an encounter between a horseman and an elephant, and a rhinoceros fight, which, however, was ineffectual, as the animals refused the combat; an encounter between two buffaloes was more successful, one animal losing his horn in the conflict.

Some of the English journals have commented with great severity on the conduct of the Prince of Wales in giving countenance to these barbaric festivities, and express the opinion that he should have exhibited his disapproval of them by his absence. But this would have given great offense, and the motive would not have been understood.



THE PRINCE OF WALES IN INDIA—ELEPHANT FIGHT AT BARODA.

SKETCHES IN ICELAND.

SKETCHES IN ICELAND.

ON this page our artist gives us a series of sketches representing some of the most wonderful features of Icelandic scenery, and also the uncomfortable and perilous manner in which his explorations were made.

No. 1.—The Almannajau. This great fissure, extending nearly four miles along the western shore of Thingvalla Lake, resembles an immense walled alley, high on one side, and low, broken, and irregular on the other. On the right the inferior side forms nearly a parallel line of rifted and irregular masses of lava, perpendicular in front and receding behind. The greater wall on the left, nearly 150 feet in height, presents a dark and rugged face, composed of immense pillars and blocks of lava strangely irregular in detail, but showing a dark, compact, and solid front. The bottom of this tremendous abyss is almost a dead level, and forms a valley of about 100 feet in width, which extends, with occasional breaks and irregularities, entirely up to the base of the mountain. This valley is for the most part covered with a beautiful carpeting of fine green grass, occasionally diversified by fragments of lava shivered off and cast down from the walls on either side. From the overhanging ledge of rock seen in the foreground of the picture culprits in ancient times were flung over into the abyss below. The total depth to the bottom of the pit must be a distance of sixty or seventy feet. From this height the unhappy criminals were cast with stones about their necks, and many a long day did they lie there—a ghastly spectacle for the crowd that peered at them over the precipice.

No. 2.—The Faroe Islands. Approaching from the south, this rocky cluster of islands stands out against the sky with a grotesque sort of majesty. Prodigious cliffs a thousand feet high rise out of the sea like a wall. The highest point in the group is 2800 feet above the sea-level, and the general aspect of them all is wild and rugged in the extreme. The Mygenaesholm, a solitary rock, guards, like a sentinel, one of the passages, and forms a terrific precipice, against which the waves break with an everlasting roar. Altogether they number about thirty-five, twenty of which are inhabited. The rest are too barren and precipitous to afford a suitable place of abode even for the hardy Faroese.

No. 3.—Here our artist gives us a sketch of one of the characters he encountered in his travels, "an Icelandic medical student returning to his patriarchal estates from Copenhagen." His rather dandyish costume, contrasted with the rough dress of his fellow-countrymen, afforded no little amusement to the party who met him.

No. 4.—Portraits of an Iceland man and woman. The first is described as "the very idea of the uncouth Icelander, hideous in the extreme, and wholly uninteresting except for his wondrous profile." Very little, indeed, can be said in favor of the inhabitants of Iceland. The men, as a general thing, are too lazy to carry the fish out of their boats. At home they lie about the doors smoking and gossiping, and too often drunk. It has been remarked that "the wom-

en are really the only class that possesses any vitality, excepting the fleas."

No. 5.—Here we have an incident of travel which was more amusing to the rest of the party than to the victim. A snuff-box belonging to one of the natives was picked up by the travelers, and the owner expressed his gratitude by kissing the unhappy individual who was the means of restoring this valued treasure.

No. 6.—Iceland travel. In Iceland all possible routes of travel are open to the public. Here is plenty of fresh air, and no lack of elbow-room. Here one can travel without being persecuted every ten minutes by applications from distinguished gentlemen in uniforms for ten kreutzers.

No. 7.—The Lögberg, or Rock of Laws, is, perhaps, of all the objects of historical association in Iceland the most interesting. This plateau of lava is situated between two rifts, which run into the one great fissure shown in the sketch. Here the old Icelandic chiefs and judges held their councils. On this peninsula of rock, separated from the general mass by a profound abyss on every side, save a narrow neck barely wide enough for a foothold, the famous "Thing" assembled once a year, and, secured from intrusion in their deliberations by the terrible chasm around, passed laws for the weal or woe of the people.

No. 8.—Scaling the Hrafnajau. This pass in point of rugged grandeur far surpasses the Almannajau, though it lacks the extent and symmetry which give the latter such remarkable effect. Here is a tremendous gap in the earth, over a thousand feet deep, hacked and shivered into a thousand fantastic shapes, the sides a succession of the wildest accidents, the bottom a chaos of broken lava—all tossed about in the most terrific confusion. It is not, however, the extraordinary desolation of the scene that constitutes its principal interest. The resistless power which rent the great lava bed asunder, as if touched with pity by the ruin, has also flung from the tottering cliffs a causeway across the gap, which now forms the only way of passing over the great Hrafnajau. When we reflect that miles of almost impassable country would otherwise have to be traversed in order to reach the opposite side of the gap, the conclusion is irresistible that in the battle of the elements Nature still had a kindly remembrance of man.

No. 9.—One of the most remarkable features of Iceland is its horses. Since BARNUM's woolly horse, nothing could ever compare to the shaggy, stunted, raw-backed, bow-legged, knock-kneed little monsters offered to the astonished traveler, with unintelligible pedigrees in the Icelandic tongue, which, if translated, must surely mean that they are a mixed product of cod-fish and brush-wood. The size has but little to do with the age, and all rules applicable as a test in other parts of the world fail here. Many of them appear to be about four months old, when, according to the testimony of disinterested spectators, they range from twelve to fifteen years.

No. 10.—Another of the party appears in this sketch attired in a night-shirt to keep off the rays of the sun, and mounted on a quadruped called the "Mouse." This gallant steed, in appearance not unlike a Scotch terrier, would make his thirty miles a day carrying his heavy load, which consisted of a stout Englishman and his boots, a gun, a game bag filled with cartridges, pieces of rock collected as geological specimens, and provision for his rider in case the latter should be hungry between the stations for halting.

HOME AND FOREIGN GOSSIP.

IN the annual report of the Congressional Library the question of a new library building is again discussed. The Librarian is of opinion that if no additional room is provided, he will soon preside over the greatest chaos in America. There is no doubt but that enlarged accommodations are needed; but there seems to be a division of opinion as to the erection of a separate building, or providing more extensive quarters in the Capitol. The present enumeration of books gives the number at 293,507—an increase of 19,350 volumes during the past year. Of these there were by purchase 7654 volumes; by copyright, 8062; by deposit from the Smithsonian Institution, 1402; by donations, 945; and by exchanges, 1269. In addition to books, there are 60,000 pamphlets, bound and unbound.

"Contingent expenses" are curious things, and the recent report of the "contingent expenses" of the House of Representatives is vastly entertaining. "Fifty pieces of fine bathing sponge," price $100. Of course that is strictly a "contingent expense," though exactly when and where the members make use of these sponges is uncertain. Knives appear to be a *very* "contingent" expense, for they are recorded as furnished by the dozen dozen, up to the number of more than one thousand. We should think Representatives must require a special extra pocket for knives, unless they have a good many small boys in their families. But "contingent expenses" include many things besides sponges and knives, such as combs, hair-brushes, and all other kinds of brushes that are ever used to make men look respectable; boot-black stools, French blacking, saddle-horses, horses and carriages, and scores of other things, both small and great.

It will be remembered that a relief fund was raised in behalf of those who were left destitute by the terrible explosion in the Avondale coal mines in Pennsylvania, in September, 1869. The amount collected was $155,146 41, and the interest received has been $19,075 64. The trustees of this fund have recently rendered their final report, all the money having been disbursed to the sufferers, except what covered necessary expenses. The beneficiaries included seventy-three widows and one hundred and fifty-six orphan children.

A pretty anecdote is told of Queen Victoria and Mendelssohn. A short time before his death the great composer visited the Queen. He sat down to the piano, and played accompaniments while she sang some of his songs. When Mendelssohn rose to go, Victoria warmly thanked him for the pleasure he had given her, and said, "Now what can I do to give you some pleasure?" expecting him to mention some gift or honor she could confer upon him. Mendelssohn at first declined to mention any thing, but when her Majesty insisted, he frankly told her that he was a lover of little children, and that he desired to see the royal children in their nurseries. The Queen mother was much pleased, and kindly led him through the nurseries, and they spent a pleasant hour talking in a friendly way about their children.

If other food gives out during the session of the Centennial Exposition, there is a prospect of plenty of pop-corn being supplied. At least we so judge from a paragraph in one of the Philadelphia papers, which reads as follows: "One of the latest items of Centennial receipts, as published by the Board of Finance, is 'concession to pop-corn, $3000.'" Evidently the pop-corn merchants are reckoning upon selling a goodly quantity of the article.

The assassin Thomas, or Thomassen, seems to have laid his plans with great deliberation, for the materials with which he proposed to destroy the *Mosel* were collected from very different localities. The explosive material was obtained in America, and either conveyed to Germany as his luggage or sent to him afterward. He had the model of the clock manufactured after his own drawings at Vienna, ordered the clock at Bernburg, and got the metal case and wooden chest at Dresden.

We see it stated in Chicago papers that a feature in the observance of New-Year's Day in that city was the general absence of wine on refreshment tables. The same feature was noticeable in many other cities, and is worthy of commendation and general imitation. There is no question but that the offering of wine and spirits to New-Year's callers is a special temptation not easily resisted by many, and facts prove that it is productive of great evil. Those ladies who offer their guests on New-Year's Day no stronger drink than a cup of good coffee set an example which might well be universally followed.

It is well to be careful in receiving the fifty-cent fractional currency. There are many very good counterfeits in circulation. Persons who are not good judges of engraving should remember from whom they receive fifty-cent stamps.

The elephant howdah in which the Prince of Wales made his entrance into Baroda was of fine gold, worth £40,000. The elephant trappings were of cloth of gold, and the animal, like the fourteen others in the procession, was beautifully painted and otherwise decorated.

On December 7 the English New Testament revisers held their fifty-fifth session. At that time the revision was carried through the tenth verse of the second chapter of the Second Epistle to the Corinthians.

The chess-players of England have just sent a challenge to the champions of France, which was immediately accepted. This match, of which the stake is 10,000 francs, will last no less than two years. Three days will be permitted for the meditation of every move, and the result will be telegraphed to the adversaries. The French players meet under the direction of Rosenthal, the great French professor.

Why will people whisper in a sick-room? Some one has said, "It is better to slam stove doors, rattle shovel and tongs, or make similar noises than to whisper in the presence of a sick person." Quiet ways are preferable, and very necessary, but inveterate whisperers should be totally banished from the sick-room.

A very curious will case has just been decided in England. Lord St. Leonards, late Lord Chancellor, and distinguished for his legal abilities, died about a year ago at the age of ninety-four. He had large wealth, invested in landed estates, and also personal property to the amount of £60,000. Throughout his life he had impressed upon others the necessity of early and simple will-making. His own will was made some years ago, and from time to time he added codicils, to the number of eight. These documents were deposited in a strong-box more than a year before his death, in the presence of his daughter Charlotte, who had been his daily companion and confidante for many years. But when, after the death of Lord St. Leonards, she opened the box, with a lawyer, the codicils were there, but the will itself was not to be found. A nephew, who inherited the title, was benefited by this loss, but the daughter and a younger son the losers. When the present lord attempted to take possession of the property, the case was brought into court. It appeared that the nephew had displeased Lord St. Leonards, and that Charlotte had not only known her father's intentions, but had repeatedly read the will to him, and could repeat it almost *verbatim*. After a long trial the judge decided that, under the circumstances of the case, he should allow the contents of the lost will to be proved by the oral testimony of the daughter, she obviously knowing her father's intentions, and her honesty, conscientiousness, and understanding of legal matters being apparent. This case is regarded as one of great importance in the matter of wills.

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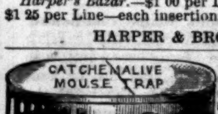

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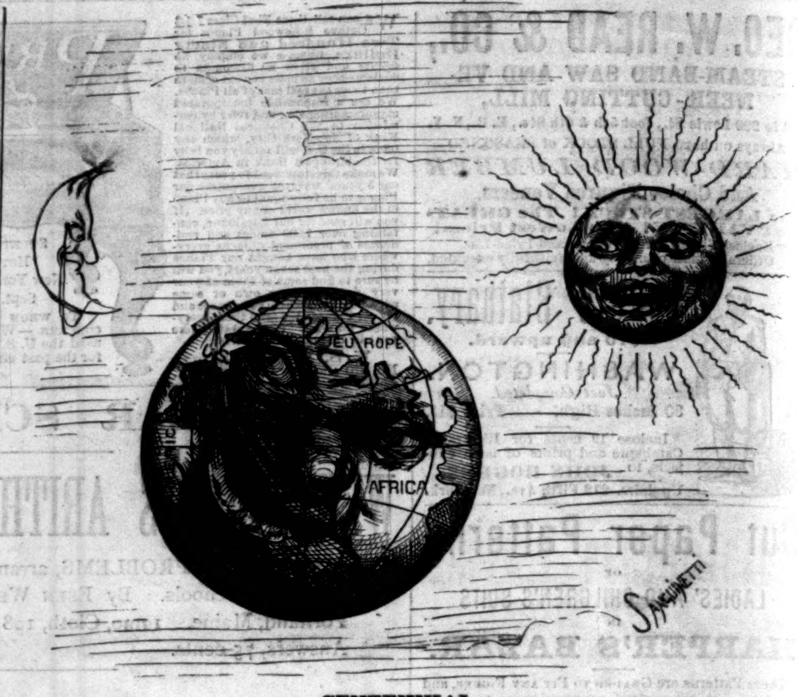

CENTENNIAL.

SUN (*to the Man in the Moon*). "What in the world is the matter?"

MAN IN THE MOON. "Bless my stars, if the face of Old Mother Earth isn't all drawing up to one side!"

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BURNING THE CHRISTMAS GREENS.

BURNING THE CHRISTMAS GREENS.

The decking of churches, houses, and shops with evergreens at Christmas seems to have been derived from a custom prevalent during the Saturnalia at Rome, when the inhabitants of that city were accustomed to ornament their temples and dwellings with green boughs. For this reason we find several early ecclesiastical councils prohibiting the members of the Church from imitating the pagans in the decoration of their houses. But in process of time this pagan custom, like others of similar origin, was introduced into the ceremonies of the Church itself.

It is evident that the use of flowers and green boughs for the purpose of decoration is almost instinctive in human nature, and we accordingly find scarcely any nation, whether civilized or savage, in which it has not become more or less common. The Jews ornamented their synagogues in this manner during the Feast of Tabernacles, in the month of September, the ancient Druids and other Celtic nations hung up the mistletoe and green branches of different kinds over their doors to propitiate the woodland sprites, and a similar usage prevailed, as has already been said, in Rome.

The favorite plants for Christmas decorations are holly, bay, rosemary, and laurel. Ivy is considered to have lost its character through its ancient associations, having in olden times been sacred to Bacchus and employed largely in the orgies celebrated in honor of the god of wine. Cypress was once used, but its funereal relations render it out of place during a festive season like that of Christmas. The mystic mistletoe is, of course, excluded from the churches, its suggestions of a merry frolic between the young people making it inappropriate in sacred places, though all the more welcome at home.

The decorations are allowed to remain in the churches from Christmas to the beginning of Lent, but in England, in accordance with the ecclesiastical canons, they must all be cleared away before the 2d of February, or Candlemas-day. The same holds good as a custom in regard to private dwellings, superstition rendering it a fatal presage if any of these sylvan ornaments are retained beyond the period just indicated. HERRICK thus alludes to the popular prejudice:

"Down with the rosemary, and so
Down with the baies and mistletoe;
Down with the holly, ivie, all
Wherewith ye drest the Christmas hall;

"That so the superstitious find
No one least branch left there behind;
For look, how many leaves there be
Neglected there, maids, trust to me,
So many goblins you shall see."

JOHN SNOW, that invaluable chronicler of old English customs, informs us in his *Survey of London* that "against the feast of Christmas every man's house, as also their parish churches, were decked with holme [the evergreen oak], ivy, bayes, and whatsoever the season of the year afforded to be green. The conduits and standards in the streets were likewise garnished; among the which I read that in the year 1444, by tempest, thunder, and lightning, toward the morning of Candlemas-day, at the Leadenhall, in Cornhill, a standard of tree being set up in the midst of the pavement, fast in the ground, nailed full of holme and ivie, for the disport of Christmas to the people, was torn up and cast downe by the malignant spirit (as was thought), and the stones of the pavement all about were cast in the streets and into divers houses, so that the people were sore aghast at the tempest."

In our engraving we see a merry party of young people making a holocaust of the Christmas greens. Whether they are offered upon the altar of ancient superstition, or only destroyed because the gay Christmas season is past and gone, the picture does not tell us. However it may be, the blazing fire in the depths of the great fire-place seems to be making fierce havoc with the graceful decorations that adorned the mansion in honor of Christmas.

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THE DEVIL'S CHAIN.

By EDWARD JENKINS, M.P.,

AUTHOR OF "GINX'S BABY," ETC.

Make a chain: for the land is full of bloody crimes, and the city is full of violence.—EZEKIEL.

LINK THE FOURTH.—(*Continued.*)

BUSINESS.

III.—HOIST WITH HIS OWN PETARD.

WHEN Henry Bighorne came home from Oxford to his cold, calculating, brisk, and ambitious father, his practical mother, and fashionable society, he emerged from a sort of Garden of Eden, in which he had been walking and talking with divinities, and found himself in an unexpectedly rude world. He shrank toward Emily, who loved and admired him. But Mr. Bighorne, after watching the young gentleman for six months, and finding him to be a shy, rather indolent student, began to think that the career he desired for this his son and heir was in peril of coming to naught. He meant that Henry should push on the fortunes of the family; and should he himself fail in reaching his determined goal, the House of Lords, this cultivated young man was by talent and wealth to accomplish it. He therefore resolved to break into Master Henry's gentle life, and "stir it up a bit." I can repeat the conversation.

FATHER. "Henry, I have something special to say to you. You are positively doing nothing but reading and riding about with Emily. Have you thought at all about what you are going to do in life?"

SON. "No, Sir. I am very contented with my present occupation. I am writing a few criticisms and—"

FATHER. "Criticisms! Fiddlesticks! Leave that to the fools who write books, or who can't understand them. You must do something practical in life."

SON. "Well, Sir, what shall I do?"

FATHER. "You know you are the only one who can succeed to my business."

SON. "Your business, Sir! Good heavens!"

FATHER (*wrathfully*). "What the d—— do you mean, Sir? Has Emily been infecting you with her ridiculous sentiments? Are my own children to turn round on their father as if he were a criminal?"

SON. "I beg your pardon, Sir. I really meant no reflection. The idea came on me so suddenly. I had never thought of such a thing."

FATHER. "Precisely. Young men like you never do think they have come into the world to do more than enjoy the result of their father's labor and sacrifice. But I don't believe in that sort of thing. The business must have a head. You will have to be that head, and therefore you must understand business."

O fatal syllogism! It was the saddest thing in life to witness the expansion and, in the expansion, the ruin of that young cultured mind. He was placed in a counting-house in the vast establishment of the firm. He was drilled in figures and numbers and calculations. He was ordered to acquaint himself with all the details of the distillery and of the testing and tasting rooms. Emily, who fought a hard battle with her father and mother about the arrangement, watched its results with feverish anxiety. The rather weak and weary youth used at first to come home at night to her for comfort. Then he began to form acquaintanceships of which she knew little, and which kept him often away from her. He grew more fond of society; and among the circle of her aristocratic suitors not a few were ready to favor young Bighorne by inducting him into the mysteries of town life. The tax on a not very vigorous constitution was met by constant visits to the tasting-room, where he had learned his lesson well. Each repair caused a

reaction, and each reaction required a repair. In those words you have a whole history of a million or so of men. Master Henry became bolder, louder, more vivacious, more social, and his father rejoiced to see him "waking up a bit." He had, indeed, waked up with a vengeance. Emily watched it all in agony. The late hours, the jaded body, the pale face, the hot hand, the vulgar language, all told her a tale of she knew not exactly what, but she felt it was something awful and evil. She wrestled strongly with the devil for this loved soul, but it seemed to be in vain. He himself was sometimes cruel and rude—then a maudlin repentant. In two years Master Henry held his own fairly with most gay men about town, and his father had the satisfaction of paying for it. Nevertheless, the latter clung to the hope that the youth would soon sow his wild oats and settle down. He hid from himself that the sowing was in a field that exhaled a breath of doom.

"Emily," said Henry, kissing her, "don't ask any more. Promise me you won't say any thing to excite suspicion. My very life may depend on it. Give me all the money you have. The governor has had his way. He has certainly 'taught me the business;' d—— him for it!"

Mr. Bighorne's syllogism was more logical than happy.

LINK THE FIFTH.

AMBITION.

I.—A TREASURE HID IN A FIELD—AND LOST.

THE inquest on the body of Helena Hurlingham was resumed on the following Thursday. The police reported that, although they had taxed their powers to the utmost, they had obtained no clew to the identity of the two mysterious "gentlemen." All that they had been able to discover was this. The keepers of the house, who affirmed themselves to be strictly "respectable," had never seen either of the gentlemen before. They admitted that they were aware that gentlemen did visit their lodger—whose rooms, by-the-way, were well furnished—and that she lived a very gay life; also that several times an elderly person, in a cloak and black felt hat, had been seen going up to and descending from these rooms, but always at night, and no one had caught a glimpse of his face. On the particular afternoon of the poor "lady's" death, as the maid-servant testified, an unusual circumstance happened. Mrs. Bellhouse had company in the afternoon. She called the girl to the door and ordered some refreshments. The girl observed within a gentleman whose hair was turning gray, but who kept his back to her, and could not further be distinguished in the gloom. How he got there, and when, no one knew. The quick eye of the maid had noticed another thing. A large cloak and a black felt hat had been thrown upon the sofa opposite the door.

Some time after the girl had handed in the refreshments, which, as we have seen, were on a liberal scale, the landlady heard the front-door open, and steps upon the stairs. Coming out of her room from behind the stairs, and glancing up, she saw the back of a tall slender man, whose hair appeared to be dark, and whose dress was not distinguishable in the deepening dimness of the afternoon; but she distinctly heard him knock at and enter the sitting-room door of her up-stair's lady lodger. This was about ten minutes before the awful event. Thus there were no other evidences of the identity of these persons than the glance of a couple of women at the backs of a couple of men, and a cloak and a hat, which had vanished.

The keeper of the house testified that the "lady," though her profession or practice might have been questionable, always behaved like a lady of rank, and, when she had money, loved to surround herself with the conveniences and knicknacks of grand houses. Her only fault in the estimation of her hostess was that she sometimes took an uninterrupted "spell" of drinking. She had just ended such a spell a day or two before her death. They always knew when it was coming on. She became moody and silent, being ordinarily vivacious; would not go out, ate nothing, sent repeatedly, first for stout, then for gin, then steadily for brandy by the bottle.

"And do you mean to say you used to get it for her?" cried the Coroner, in a voice of thunder.

"Well, Sir, what was we to do? You can't displease your own lodgers, and them in the house for months and months, and you making your bread out of them, and them never doing no harm to you nor your furniture."

"When she got started, then, how long would she keep this up?"

"Well, Sir, never longer than a week, Sir; or ten days at most, off and on."

"And how much gin and brandy would she take in that time?"

"Well, Sir, she wasn't so bad as some people I've known on, Sir."

"But how much?"

"Well, Sir, a bottle or a bottle and a half a day, Sir. She took it quiet and steady, Sir. She never got drunk-like or noisy. She went to bed and took it steady and medicine-like, Sir."

The Coroner looked at the jury, and the jury looked at the Coroner, as if they had never heard of such a case before.

Among the private effects which the deceased had left was a Davenport, containing many papers of no present consequence. Every thing was in order. She left very little to tell tales about her friends. She had been a woman of business. Her handwriting, though shaky, was bold and handsome. But among the other papers were some important documents—a series of receipted bills for the board and education of "Miss Eleanor Whyte," with letters from a lady, evidently the wife of a clergyman, who had charge of the girl. The letters were dated from Arleston Rectory, Cornwall, and always gave an account of the child's religious as well as secular education. Another document was a letter addressed to Miss Eleanor Whyte, dated two days before the poor woman's death, and unfinished. It ran thus:

"LONDON: 14 TUFTON STREET, ST. JOHN'S WOOD.*

"MY DEAREST ELEANOR,—I have not heard from you or Mrs. Young for nearly a fortnight, and am getting nervous about it. I have been very unwell, and mostly in bed for more than a week, and to-day I feel very sad and sorrowful and down-hearted. Whether I shall ever send you this letter I don't know; but though I have struggled with myself a long, long while against doing what I am going to do, I feel myself driven by some good or wicked spirit, I can not tell which, to do it. I must tell you who you are, for I have been deceiving you and Mrs. Young, and you are not what I said you were—only the daughter of a tradesman's widow well off, and your name is not Whyte. Your real name is Hurlingham; you are the daughter of a country gentleman—at all events, once a gentleman—of high family and good property; and, my dear, dearest Eleanor, your mother is the daughter of a peer of the realm.

[The indications about here were watery.]

"But I want to tell you how I was brought to this, and I want to warn you, that you may avoid the tempter which has made of your mother, once beautiful, accomplished, and virtuous as you, a—what she is now! My love, you must know I was very ambitious, and my poor husband (who loved me dearly enough then, poor fellow, whatever he has become since) was not. I tried to carry him into the world and into political life. I worked night and day for it. I studied, I read, I talked with statesmen; I entertained and went out; few would believe what I did and what I was and was able to do—few certainly who now see the wreck I am. Meantime you had come into the world; but much as I loved you, I was trying to push forward my ambitious aims. It taxed my strength terribly. I consulted my physician, Sir Lullaby Turle. He recommended me to take occasionally a little brandy. Darling Eleanor, listen to your mother's declaration. I took his advice, and I swear before God that, looking back over those years, I can not tell you how it grew upon me, it came so gradually. I was not conscious until I found I could not do without it. It was noticed by quick, designing men. Such a man once took advantage of it, and in one brief hour I lost my virtue and my honesty and self-respect. How I fell and struggled, and struggled and fell again, I can not tell you. The devil had got hold of me. I was fettered in his chains—and I am there now. God help me! My precious, precious child, I dare not tell you what I am, nor what your father is. You are too young, too good to know. O my God! When I think of you and your pure, holy life and my own sinful depravity, I feel as if I were in the torments of hell, like that Dives in the Bible, and looking at you an angel in heaven, and asking God to let you cool my burning tongue with a drop of water. You would do it, wouldn't you? for the sake even of your sinful mother, who has worked and sacrificed to keep you safe from the pollutions of your two wicked parents. How I have tried to hedge you round and keep you away from temptation—and those dear good people all through these ten years have brought you up and treated you like their own child—and you are so good and so beautiful and so clever, and have been confirmed, and learned to love your S——"

Here it was evident the writer had broken down in a passion of sorrow. The latest words were scarcely decipherable, and the pen had dropped upon the paper—never to resume its work. The name of the holy and forgiving One, who had mercy even for the sinning Mary and the poor adulteress in the Temple, seemed to have excited thoughts that made this poor woman shrink and cower and weep. Oh, had she truly written it, even then might she not have seen and felt something of the grace that lurks in the name of Saviour!

I will dryly state the remaining facts laid before the jury by the police. An open letter, brought in, perhaps, by the man who had last entered the room, had been discovered in a bloody fold of the woman's dress. It had been hastily opened and thrust into the bosom. They had deciphered it thus:

"ARLESTON RECTORY, CORNWALL, *February* —, 187–.

"DEAR MADAM,—I write to you in a state of the most *terrible sorrow* and *regret*. Our and your *darling* Eleanor disappeared *four* days ago, and we have been unable to get the *least* trace of her since. Further than this: some one *like her* took the night train at —— Station, twelve miles from here, the *same night, with a gentleman!* My husband is *distracted*, and is away going up and down the country in search of her. The *police* are doing their best. We had *no suspicion* of it. *Pray* come down. I can write *no* more. *God save our poor dear Eleanor!*

"Yours, EDITH YOUNG."

The clergyman and his wife stated that, more than ten years before, a Mrs. Whyte, who afterward appeared as a lady-like person in decent but not handsome mourning, had answered their advertisement for a child to educate and bring up. She represented herself as the widow of a London draper, so occupied with business that she could not attend to her child, then eight years of age. Two things she insisted on: that her child should have the strictest religious training, and never be permitted to touch any form of intoxicating drink. The rest of their evidence was such as might be expected from the facts already educed. The girl, a beautiful, clever, and estimable young woman, had gone away, they knew not whither or with whom. They were quite unaware that she had formed acquaintance with any one they could suspect.

This story, with all its in-and-out details, drawn forth with the vulgar and sickening particularity of such investigations, filled the newspapers and inspired the moral lessons of the journalistic staff, from the bishops, or other Athenæum magnates who write for the leviathans of the press, downward.

The jury, with exemplary wisdom, after a long and expensive inquiry, brought in the following verdict:

"That the deceased, Helena Hurlingham, *alias* Bellhouse, came to her death by falling out of a window at No. —— St. Martin's Lane; but whether by her own act or that of any other person or persons is unknown."

II.—AN ENTHUSIASTIC CONVERT.

Miss Emily, impelled by a morbid inclination she could not explain, had followed the proceedings of the inquest on Mrs. Hurlingham's body with unwonted excitement and with sorrowful sympathy. Not content with this, she wished her father and mother to share her feelings. This was annoying. The subject was disagreeable, and Emily's views about it were uncomfortably odd.

The truth is, this young lady had latterly adopted very uncongenial opinions. Having gone one Sunday, during the past season, to a church in Hiton Square, when she had, as she supposed, concluded the real part of the worship, and had assumed an attitude of recipient resignation for the homily of the surpliced priest, who was kneeling up there in the pulpit, with his hands over his face, the ecclesiastic took his revenge not only out of her, but out of a number of other equally placid ladies and gentlemen whom the London season had drawn together. He very quietly, but in eloquent and incisive terms, told them that most of them were living the lives of drones and cowards—drones, because they were doing nothing for God or man; cowards, because they were afraid to look the fact in the face as became true hearts. Then, with what they thought to be needless cruelty, he went rather minutely into the details of their present state. He painted the existing conditions of the lives of many of his hearers with pre-Raphaelitish accuracy and hardly any allowance for perspective, until, in view of the clear delineation, men and women might be seen shrinking back in their pews as if they were afraid to face those fine pale features and burning eyes, and to hear that terribly calm, sharp-edged voice.

Then he turned round suddenly, and grew warm and vivid and sonorous. Oh! how rousing it was to hear him tell the story of the martyrs of God, and of the noble works our fathers did in the old time, and of their steadfastness, chivalry, and prowess! He became instinct with a grand passion, which flashed out from his heart to that of his hearers like lightning from cloud to cloud. And then he asked why those before him should not essay to continue the line of the old knights and ladies of the Cross; and he showed how a *preux chevalier* of these days should arm himself, of what spirit he should be possessed, what deeds he might do, and what a guerdon he might win. And a number of chivalric souls, inspired by the preacher's words, then and there made oath to consecrate themselves to bold knight and lady work for the Cross. And among them was Emily Bighorne; and being a girl of a strong, well-balanced mind, this resolve of hers had been no vain one, for she was following night and day, with many others, the Great-heart who had uttered that trumpet-call. They stood by him, as it is needed all good souls should stand by other good souls in this evil world. Moreover, as it was her nature to be earnest, Miss Emily had become a propagandist, and a voluntary Sister of Mercy. Hence persons who had settled down into an agreeable satisfaction with themselves and their universal relations in time, space, and eternity found her to be an uncomfortably active reformer.

Miss Emily had not fluttered about on angel's errands in the slums of Westminster very long before she found herself brought in direct conflict with the fearful Power which meets and often thwarts the efforts of the little crusading army of improvers of every kind that fight the Evil One in that district. It appeared before her in its effects—dread misery, fell diseases, and the wrecks of virtue. She was fearfully startled when one day, before her eyes, that Power took the substantial form of a bottle of creamy gin, bearing a blazoned label and the name of Bighorne. Then her eyes became further opened, and she saw how often the same name flaunted gaudily over the doors and windows of the very dens she was trying to defraud of their victims. After that she was obliged to have it out with Mr. Bighorne, who was, however, above proof in more senses than one.

MR. BIGHORNE. "What have I to do with it? The stuff I make is perfectly good. If they abuse it, the worse for them."

EMILY. "Oh, papa! do you know what their abuse of it means?"

MR. BIGHORNE. "Yes; I see that by the newspapers—drunken husbands, broken heads, starving families—"

EMILY (*vehemently*). "Murders—parricides—slaughter of wives and children—brutality—vices too horrible to mention."

MR. BIGHORNE. "Then, my dear, don't mention them. It makes me shudder to think you are acquainting yourself with such things.—Good heavens! Mrs. Bighorne, what are you about? You are letting your daughter get into strange associations."

MRS. BIGHORNE. "I regret to say, Mr. Bighorne, it is useless for me to talk. She is too like you, Mr. Bighorne—fond of having her own way, and too old to be guided: and her only director now is Mr. Holiwell, a good man enough, and very earnest, I dare say, but exceedingly indiscreet in the work he sets young ladies and gentlemen to do."

EMILY. "Dear mamma, now you're going over to the enemy! You know that you really sympathize a good deal with him. Did you not give me twenty pounds for his night mission only last week? But now, papa, how many public-houses in London are you interested in?"

MR. BIGHORNE. "I don't know."

EMILY. "Well, I got Henry to tell me—it is one hundred and twenty."

MR. BIGHORNE. "Confound Henry!"

EMILY. "Papa, in two streets in Westminster there are fifteen public-houses, and you own four of them."

MR. BIGHORNE. "I don't, I tell you. I only lent the money. Do you know the Dean and Chapter are said to own a lot of public-houses? Have you heard that the Bishop of London, when he goes from St. James's Square to Fulham, passes nearly one hundred public-houses owned by the Church of England? I'm as good as the Church, at all events."

EMILY. "No, I don't think you are. The Church is in a bad enough position, but you are worse. They came into that property. Your money buys them or puts them there. They would not have been there but for that."

MR. BIGHORNE. "Yes, they would. Some other house would have put them there."

EMILY. "Well, it is the same thing. You are all a lot of rich capitalists, and between you your capital builds all these public-houses."

MR. BIGHORNE. "No more than are required by legitimate trade; it is regulated by the law of supply and demand."

EMILY. "No, no; if it were left to that, there would not be so many houses; Mr. Holiwell says so—every one says so who knows any thing about it. It is you wealthy distillers and brewers, who can afford to wait a long time for your returns, who are always creating new business; and, my dear papa, if you will only go with me and see, I will show you you are making it out of the death and ruin of your fellow-creatures."

MR. BIGHORNE (*testily*). "Oh dear! oh dear! when you women, or your friends the parsons, who are just as bad, get on economical questions, you run so wide of the mark! Look here, Emily dear, do be rational—if you can: A builds a chemist's shop, and sells laudanum. B builds a rival chemist's shop next door, and sells laudanum too. C builds a chemist's shop opposite, and also sells laudanum. 1st. If the three chemists are not wanted in that neighborhood, one or two will go to the wall. 2d. The three will sell no more laudanum than the one would have done. 3d. If any one takes too much laudanum, it is not the chemist's fault, provided he has used the proper precautions."

EMILY. "I may be a poor economist, papa, but even as a woman I can see through your fallacies. 1st. The article we are speaking of is not laudanum, which very few people are fond of, and almost every one is afraid of; but beer, gin, brandy, etc., which many people are fond of, and very few are afraid of. 2d. The chemists don't build up their business by encouraging people to drink medicine and run in debt for it, do they? They rarely do more than supply an actual want. 3d. Would a chemist who saw a man half stupefied with laudanum sell him another dose to finish him off, as you know, though you don't care to inquire, those wretched agents of yours in Westminster will do, simply to turn another penny? And 4thly. If a man is going home to his wife with his money in his pocket, would he be as likely to get there safely if he had twenty public-houses to pass as if he had twenty chemists' shops; or as safely if he passed twenty as if he passed only two? If the Government had arranged the licenses so that the public-houses might really be like the chemists' shops, simply to supply a legitimate demand, your conscience *might* be clearer; but every time the least attempt is made to decrease the number, you and all your friends in the trade and all your emissaries move heaven and earth, in and out of Parliament, to prevent it, and so you must accept the responsibility; and I feel—I feel—I can't tell you what I feel."

Thus it will appear that Miss Bighorne's radicalism was vehement, and though femininely illogical, not without bases in principles and in facts. Mrs. Bighorne tried to act the part of a go-between, but in reality sided with the older and more conservative party. Master Henry had been assailed with evangelistic energy, and once or twice was on the point of succumbing to Emily's religious zeal; but that more capable warrior in wickedness, Captain Conistoun, had come to his rescue and carried him off from Puritan perils. This effectually settled the Captain's chances with Miss Emily.

LINK THE SIXTH.

STRENGTH, LABOR, AND SORROW.

I.—BILL KNOWSLEY.

FOR a dark, chill, and gusty night, the scene inside one of Lord Dibblecum's great iron-works in Staffordshire is cheery enough: furnaces glowing and roaring, men like salamanders playing with the fire; ever and anon throwing open great doors that radiate a fierce, hot glare, seizing with long iron fingers the metal forms that had been blown up to a white heat inside, dragging them forth incandescent and sputtering flames of blue and ruby fire; and then, in the clear circle of light, Titans swinging great hammers, and sparks shimmering out in fountains and jets of brightness. As other furnaces are opened, out rush cascades of molten metal, wonderful to see—a weird, translucent glow about it, the fire infolding itself, and the flames disporting in terrible, silent tongues of amber.

At the end nearest the great gate of the largest shed half a dozen big fellows are fashioning a piece of iron into a girder for a mill. *One, two, three—four, five, six*—go the huge hammers, swung aloft and dropped to a tenth of an inch exactly in the place, and to the tenth of an ounce exactly with the force, desired by the skillful wielders. *One, two, three—four, five, six*—rise and fall the heavy hammers; for it is Saturday night, and this is a last bout of work by one of the late shifts. Therefore, merrily and with a will ring the hammers, in their cadence of labor, noble and heart-stirring music to the man who knows what labor is. That big fellow who takes the lead with a swing and stroke so mighty yet so deft, while his giant chest heaves glistening in the mellow light, is Bill Knowsley, one of the vastest men thereabouts; and at this moment another man, standing out in the chill

* This had been her previous lodging, and the landlady took in letters there for her. The husband's letters were sent to Notting Hill.

shadow, is watching the work and observing Bill Knowsley with curious eyes.

"That's the man," he had said to himself when he first stopped and glanced in; and then, shivering the while, he gazed admiringly at the movements of the Herculean frame and listened to the ring of the rapid strokes, until, beneath them, the iron had taken shape, and, with its fire beaten out of it, lay there dull, deadening, and subdued.

The light, striking out from within against the wind and the sooty night, showed this man to be young and slender, though he was dressed in coarse workman's garb, and his face seemed to be grimed with the rust and smear of the iron labor; but if you had looked at him sharply, as the glare lit up his features and his attitude, you would have seen in a moment that neither belonged to a true son of toil. That well-proportioned but slim figure, that easy grace of posture, straight leg and flexible back, had never been left by fair labor such as he had been watching. Those curly locks were too smooth and clean to be worn by any real son of fire and furnace.

Bill Knowsley having finished with an oath, and slung his hammer away into the inner gloom, had caught up his coat and was rushing out to face the inclement night, when he was stopped by the stranger.

"I say."

"Well, what do ee say?"

"Is your name Knowsley?"

"Ay, I be Bill Knowsley; but who be you? You doan't talk like one of these paarts."

"No. Give me your hand—*God's hail!*"

Knowsley returned the pressure, and his manner changed.

"*God's hail!*" he replied, "and *d—— the traitor!*"

"All right," answered the other. "Moses Pell sent me to you. I want a quiet lodging for a day or two."

"Sh-sh-sh!" said Knowsley, slipping his arm into that of the stranger and drawing him as if he were a sparrow out of the lights and away from the track of his departing comrades. "You mun be hard pushed to come here. *What is it—murder?*"

"No," replied the other, shuddering. "It's nothing. I am not what I seem. I want for special reasons to keep out of the way a few days."

"Nowt? Thee bean't a true man, I say. Pell don't send folk to I for nowt loss than manslaughter. Naw, naw. You be a Lunnun flash cove, you be, but you won't get the flash side of Bill Knowsley. Tell us all about un avuore you see th' inside o' 'Knowsley's shelter.'" And the speaker stopped and grasped his companion's two arms in his great hands. He could feel that they were not the arms of toil.

"Look here," said the other, "take me home with you. It's all right, you know. Pell has given me the word, and if you'll loose your infernal grip, here's five pounds to begin."

"Foive pun!" exclaimed Bill Knowsley, feeling the precious disks with his horny fingers, and trying to make out whether the surfaces were yellow or white—"Foive pun! Come along, gent—for gent you be. Foive pun! It's nowt but murder, young maaster, tho 'a must a been a ninny to be murdered by you!"

He led the way to his house, the other remaining silent.

The home of the iron-worker was a half-ruined stone cottage of two rooms. A rude shed behind was used as a pig-pen. By day the sole redeeming feature of this residence was its separation by about a quarter of a mile from the rest of the huddled shelters of brick and stone which constituted the village of West Boynton. The house stood on a wavy expanse of rusty slack and cinders, diversified here and there with foul-looking pools of water when the weather was not dry. Low, grim, and dirty were its walls inside and out; its broken pavement looked as if generations had trodden it to a permanent sooty blackness; the shattered windows flaunted their substitutes of mouldy rags. Inside, the general foulness, the mixture of pots and pans and dirty children and broken furniture—the odd evidences of civilization in soiled prints and ragged English garments, and of barbarism in the manner and talk of the inmates—would have made the place a damaging study for the "intelligent foreigner." From big Bill Knowsley, turning out his three and four sovereigns a week at the work that was keeping England in the van of civilization and progress, and was enriching Lord Dibblecum beyond the dreams of avarice, down to the baby in the corner, swaddled in a bundle of fusty rags, and the pig whose defiant grunt and scent seemed to establish his equality with the other living things in the household, this homestead of an English artisan was a phenomenon to make a man rub his eyes and ask where he was. There was but one explanation of it all, and that will presently appear. Although Bill Knowsley had relations with very curious characters, he did not belong to the criminal class. His immense strength tempted him to an occasional bout in the ring, and this had brought him in contact with some characters who occasionally called upon him, as in honor bound, to discharge his devoir to their secret association by aiding to hide fugitives from justice. Unless there had been clear evidence and a strong force, few people would have ventured to intrude into Bill Knowsley's house. This, its solitary position, and the extreme rarity of the calls upon his hospitality made it a tolerably safe shelter for a day or two, if a man were hard pressed.

Kicking open the door to let his wife know emphatically that her master had arrived, Knowsley entered and called upon the stranger to follow. The woman turned from the bit of fire where she was trying to warm I know not what mess for the children who were sniveling about. Splendid as Bill's wages were, there was rarely much more to show for them at the end of the week than half a supper for the poor woman and her little ones. On seeing him, her face brightened for an instant with a pleased surprise: not an originally comely face, but brown and haggard, and, alas! bearing marks of Bill Knowsley's cowardly and drunken prowess.

"Whoam so soon, Bill?"

"Ay, lass, d—— thee; whoy not, I say? I's fetched a gemman to the shelter. Shet up, young uns;" and five squalling children discreetly stuffed their hands into their hungry mouths and stopped their wailing.

"A gemman?" said the woman, sharply conning the intruder from head to foot. "What have ee done?"

"Keep thy tongue still, ooman! Sit thee down, lad—sit thee down," and he put his own great three-legged stool near the fire.

"Oh! I shall do very well," said the stranger, looking nevertheless very uncomfortable through his disguise. "All I want is something to eat and a place to shake down in."

"Summut to eat, ooman, do ee hear? Summut of the best for the gemman and me. Us 'll have it tidy, Sir, sure enow. A candle, Lizzie."

"Candle? I've no candles, Bill."

"Well," said he, with an oath, "buy 'em. Come along, lass, and get us a feast. Gemman has given I five pun. I'll take half a hour, I will, at th' Iron Horse, while you be cooking of un."

"Bill," said the woman, her face falling, "you stay here, I tell you, and I'll fetch ee the things, and doan't ee go nigh to th' Iron Horse to-night."

"You be blowed, and leave I aloan, will ee? I've a bout o' one bottle wi' Nick Staveley—'ull be oaver in a giffey, sure. You keep still 'ere, lad; I'll be back soon as th' owd ooman's ready."

While the unlucky stranger remained shivering in the dull light of the embers among the squalling children, Knowsley, having given his wife a couple of sovereigns, strode off jingling the other three in his pocket along with three companion pieces and some silver which had that afternoon been paid to him for his week's wages.

Mrs. Knowsley did not stay long away. Her step was brisker and her heart a little lighter than usual, though there were reasons, known only to women, to impede and burden both. It was so unheard-of a thing for her husband to come home early or sober of a Saturday night. This brightened the evening; and again, her children, who usually had to spend a hungry twenty-four hours before Sunday's breakfast, would go to bed satisfied.

Mrs. Knowsley had brought a magnificent beef-steak, potatoes, bread—not forgetting the gin and some bottled ale besides; and after a preliminary conflict with the general confusion, and an issue of pacifying chunks from the loaf to the black-eyed and black-faced little ones, she soon filled the room with the fragrance of good meat and smoke of sputtering fry. A semicircle of appeased young humanity sat in the glow and quietly enjoyed the hopeful scene. Candles lit up the brown table-cloth she had dragged from under the bed in the next room. Plates, well battered, chipped, and burned, graced the front of the fire. The stranger began to feel some incomings of comfort. Meantime he seized a bottle of ale and drained a glass with satisfaction.

Thus a half hour passed, and Mrs. Knowsley's preparations were complete. Her cheeks glowed with warm exercise, and she chatted cheerfully with her guest. Another half hour went by, and she looked out and listened for her husband. She dared not ask the stranger to begin before Knowsley arrived, and still less dared to go for him. He was an autocrat of the purest stamp. He maintained his supremacy by but one principle—force. History shows that that may succeed with women and some nations.

At length it was half past eight. The juicy steak was drying up. The potatoes were cleaving to the pan. The stranger could stand out no longer. Were Bill Knowsley ever so angry, it was beyond all reason that a hungry man should sit still opposite a spoiling steak for which he had already paid.

"Mother," he said, "I'll begin. I am paying for this supper. Go and fetch your husband, and I'll give the youngsters something."

She peered out again. A dreary night! As she opened the door the wind came sweeping in cold and harsh, whirling up a cloud of smoke from the fire and putting out the candles. On her face the freezing drizzle struck like a shower of pins. Road, nor post, nor village light was visible—only a scene of wild, drifting blackness. In a lull of the rushing wind she thought she heard the faint notes of a chorus. She had often listened to them of a clear night.

What was she thinking of while she stood there, barefaced and bare-headed, her hand holding the shaking door against her back, her ear straining to catch a sound, and her eyes trying to pierce the inky night that stretched its pall between heaven and her? Was it possible, as she had heard men say, that above this woful whirl there always rested a serene sky, a clear light of sun or moon, an infinite and undisturbed rest?

When Lizzie Knowsley turned inside again, the stranger might have observed by the candles which he had relit a strange expression in her face. She put on a rough straw hat and an old shawl, and glancing round upon her children, set her lips firmly and went out in the teeth of the storm and gloom.

II.—THE LAST LESSON.

The bar-room of the Iron Horse was a long, low chamber, the ceiling and floor dipping up and down like a great loose raft in a light swell, the walls ludicrously harmonizing with the general notion of upheaveness. As you entered the room from the door, which pierced one of the longer sides at the corner, the bar stood opposite, forming a quadrant in the other corner. A rude place enough, though once garishly decorated, having in front of it a low stout iron railing to keep its bottles, glasses, and inmates out of reach—with a small room in the rear for the latter to retreat to in cases of dire extremity. For although Sam Rattler, the bar-keeper, had been a prize-fighter, and could on occasion "lay" a drunken intruder into his domain with a science which left (the intruder) nothing to be desired, Sam was out of practice; while the brawny frequenters of the place were in the daily habit of swinging hundred-weights of iron in the teeth of tons of the same metal; and when half a dozen such men determined to clear the room, Sam, among others, held it to be the better part of valor to submit to them.

On this particular Saturday evening, at nearly nine o'clock, Sam, his shirt sleeves tucked up, was leaning on his muscular arms, and with a short cutty in his mouth, watching with rather an anxious eye the play of feeling among his customers. Fifty or more of their big forms loomed up through the smoke that rolled upward to the low ceiling, and wreathed in murky haze the weak lights of the petroleum lamps against the wall. He had handed out, in less than three hours, forty-one quarts of beer and sixty odd half pints of gin.

The room was arranged by low wooden partitions into bays, where eight or ten men could sit together and rest their pewters and glasses on the narrow tables between. Each bay had its company, though the lowness of the partitions enabled the men to interchange freely foul stories, oaths, threats, challenges, sometimes clouts, and other convival recognitions. Most of them were smoking short black pipes; some, with every semblance of reason gone from their faces, were sitting up and drinking steadily, their friends supplying them. Some had fallen asleep with their pipes in their mouths, or with heads drooping on table, or partition, or bench. These were the subjects of rude practical jokes. I will relate one.

One man, seeing his friend's face hanging over the partition, with his dark matted beard turned sideways, lit a match, and winking to his comrades to note the splendid joke, set fire to the hair. It flamed up, scorching the skin of the unconscious wretch, who woke in the morning marked for life. For the time his friends enjoyed the fun immensely; but some mornings afterward the joker was found lying in the street with his head smashed in with a hammer; and later on Mr. Calcraft, then in office, hanged a man, half of whose face looked red and skinless. This little drunken joke cost the country two strong men and over £600.

If this joke be incredible to you, read the account of another, perpetrated by four such men on an old Irishman, whom, in pure alcoholic fun, they dragged out of bed, and gouging his eyes out, filled them with quicklime.

It must be unpleasant to brewers, distillers, publicans, deans and chapters with public-house property, and lords and gentlemen who have voted against Sunday closing and in favor of longer hours for the sale of this playful inspiration, to read of such cases; wherefore I forbear filling up this book, as I could easily do, with more of them. But I charge distinctly that *every man who* (from a Home Secretary down to the lowest publican) *encourages the increase of this traffic, and delays or hinders its decrease, assumes directly a share of the responsibility for such incidents as these.*

At the far end of the room, near the fire, a party held on bravely with uproarious revelry. It was at this party that Sam the bar-man was blinking through the smoke. They were the choice boys of his custom, and when they got thoroughly under way, as they had now done, he knew them capable of any mischief. Over this select crew presided Mr. Bill Knowsley, four of whose sovereigns lay warm in Mr. Sam Rattler's till. Bill had begun the evening by saying he was only going to divide a pint of gin with three friends, and must then go away to meet a chum, but he had evidently changed his mind.

While Sam Rattler was thus gazing he heard the door open, and saw a woman enter, dripping with the evening storm, her wet shawl drawn close about her shoulders. She paused a moment and looked down the room.

"Doan't ee do it," said Sam, in a low voice, as he saw her recognize Bill Knowsley and pass onward. Either she did not hear him or did not need him, for she slipped silently down the room. Even then you could see by her walk that she was heavy with a double burden of life.

Bill Knowsley, sitting at the corner of the bay, glass in hand and far from drowsy, though terribly drunk, suddenly found his arm touched, and heard these words in his ear.

"Bill! Bill! remember th' gemman, and th' sooper all so nice; coom along, chap."

When Bill turned and looked at his wife, she wished she had staid at home. There was a dead silence among the men.

"Ded'n I tell ee," he roared out, "never moure t' coom an' trouble I en this plaace?"

"Yes, Bill," said the poor woman; "but, Bill, remember th' sooper, lad, and th' man waiten at th' house."

Bill Knowsley finished his glass and set it down, and rose up with wrath in his eye and the devil in his heart. Without a word he smote with his left straight out, as if it had been at the hardened "mug" of a bruiser, into the middle of the woman's face. Shrieking, she went down on her back, face no longer featured, face bloody and featureless.

"Take that—and that!"

The maniac's clogs were heavy. Once into her side, and—O my God! are you *men* who are looking on? are you men or beasts?—once again into her tender side! With that fell blow two lives went out.

Man! Man! Stay thy useless fury now. The work is done. No need to break or bruise the poor limp body any more. The spirit is already before the Judge of the quick and the dead.

Not a man in the room moved while Bill Knowsley exercised his admitted rights of home government. One or two laughed foolishly. One man said, "Sarve 'en right." The rest were cowed or indifferent. Bill Knowsley, glancing round savagely, as if to see whether any one had any protest to make, sat down and called for more gin.

Then Sam Rattler came down the room, and after gazing a moment at the still heap that lay there weltering, he pointed to Knowsley's clogs, and said, quietly but hoarsely:

"Theere's *blood*, Bill Knowsley. Thee'd best to mizzle."

Bill Knowsley, looking down on his boots, seemed to gather an idea. He got up, and casting his eyes an instant on his deadly work, slunk along the room and went out into outer darkness.

III.—GET OUT!

The stranger in Bill Knowsley's house was drawing toward the close of a hearty meal, when the door suddenly came in with a crash, and his host staggered into the kitchen.

"Hallo!" cried the guest, hardly looking up, or he would not have said it. "So you're here at last! Here's your supper spoiling. What have you been doing?"

"What 'a I been a-doen?" replied Knowsley, with a roar that made the stranger look quickly up at his furious face and blood-shot eyes. "What th' devil is to thee what I've been a-doen? Look'ee! get thee gone quick."

As he screamed this out in a terrible voice, he seemed to be struggling against an impulse to rush upon his guest and throttle him. His face and hands worked viciously.

"All right, old fellow," replied the other, affecting to be indifferent. "You'll be better by-and-by. Come, sit down and take something."

"Wull'ee go, I say? For God's sake get thee gone, lad!"

And Bill Knowsley rushed to the fire-place and seized the poker, a long bar of iron.

The stranger jumped to his feet and stood near the door.

"Why, Knowsley," he said, "you won't turn me out like a dog?"

"Out, I tell'ee!" shouted Bill, raising his poker; and the stranger, without an instant's hesitation, sprang through the door. Just in time, for his host rushed at him with the fury of a tiger. Then the murderer shut the door and turned to the children cowering round the room.

IV.—A NATIONAL BALANCE-SHEET.

Would it not be well if some Chancellor of the Exchequer would present to Parliament a balance-sheet of the gains and losses of the community in the national business of strong drink? I have seen estimates—by Mr. Hoyle especially, and other worthy advocates of Prohibition—which are, I fear, more true in reality than authoritatively accepted. That we lose the £31,000,000 a year derived from customs and excise on ale and liquors, and much more, in good lives, poverty, prosecutions, jails, burned houses and wrecked ships, and railway accidents, no one who has looked into the subject will deny. And knowing this, few can reasonably be surprised if men are driven to the very verge of benevolent madness in their crusade against this cause of so much loss to the strength and well-being of the State. It justifies the extremest enthusiasm. The statement of the profit and loss of that single evening's work in a solitary inn in the United Kingdom is given on the following page; and when I add that such a night's work is not uncommon, this balance-sheet is not without its significance.

It will be seen that there is an element in this balance-sheet which can not be calculated in money, to wit, *ten human lives*. English law has never yet gone so far as to recognize fully the superior value of life over property, and therefore I do not press that unduly on the practical minds of my countrymen. But possibly our economists may see cause to insist that £1540 6s. is too monstrous a loss to be borne, simply that Messrs. Bighorne and Company may turn a profit of £20 to £25.

V.—WHO IS HE?

The stranger, so roughly driven from Bill Knowsley's shelter, hurried out of hearing into the wild gloom as fast as he could. Avoiding the village, he stumbled across the waste of slack, until he struck upon a high-road leading northward—a road drear and lonely enough by day, but on that night suggestive only of despair. Over the broad plain swept the icy northeast wind, carrying upon its strong wings a ravening mass of sleet and rain. Not a ray relieved the gloom from window or way-side cottage or lantern of wagoner late upon the road. It seemed to the lonely man, struggling painfully against the masterful storm, as if the world were left to tempest and to him. Hard on his right shoulder beat the blast, wetting him through to the skin, and forcing the deathly chilliness almost home to his heart. Well for him then, he thought to himself, that he had secured a good supper and a warming glass. He could scarcely see a footstep before him. So he went on, wrestling with the fierce, gusty wind, plashing through unexpected pools, and now and then stumbling into the ditch on either hand; but never daring to stop or rest,